SPHERE

Edited by
Spike Milligan & Jack Hobbs

MILLICAN'S ARK

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Spike said to me, 'What about the Wildlife Youth Service?'
'Yes,' I said.
'Can't we do a book?' he said. 'Think about it.'

So, we thought about it and we wrote to a lot of famous people and they were all wonderful and wrote nice letters and drew lots of funny animals and birds and verses and cartoons and we have put them all in 'Milligan's Ark' which is going to help the Wildlife Youth Service which encourages children to care about wildlife. The book makes Spike and us laugh and everyone who likes animals, which should be everybody in the world, should have a copy. It's been a lot of fun doing it and we hope you enjoy it and that the animals like it as well. And we would just like to tell them, the animals, that not many of us could draw very well, which was the idea, and whilst some of the artists surprised us with their talent, all the drawings contained inventiveness, charm and wit and it just shows what people can do if they try. And as the Duke of Edinburgh says in his foreword—'Having collected and displayed just how the great and famous see their favourite animals, I think it would only be fair to compose a companion collection of drawings of their favourite people by the animals.'

Jack Hobbs

Milligan's Ark

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by M. & J. Hobbs
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Designed and Produced by Peter Windett

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MARK

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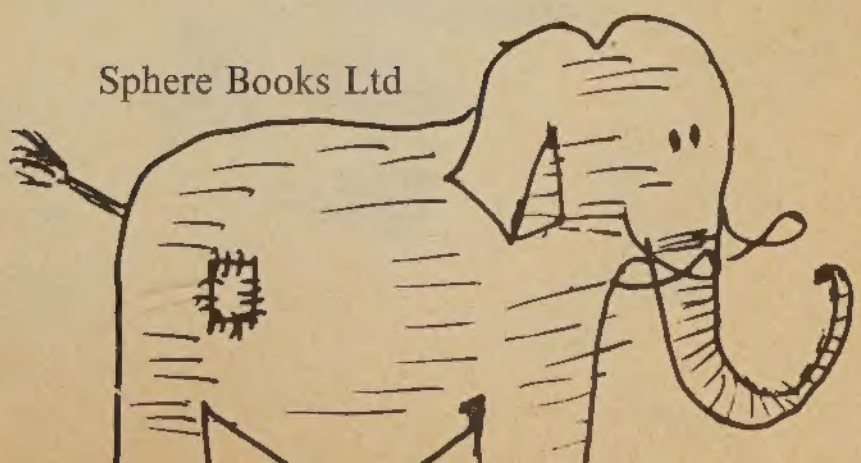
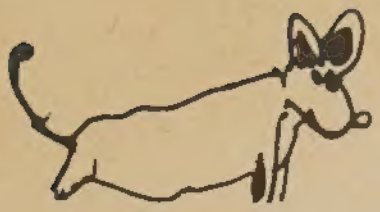
MILLIGAN'S ARK

Edited by Spike Milligan and Jack Hobbs

Foreword by HRH. The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh
KG, PC, KT, GMBE, FRS.

Sphere Books Ltd





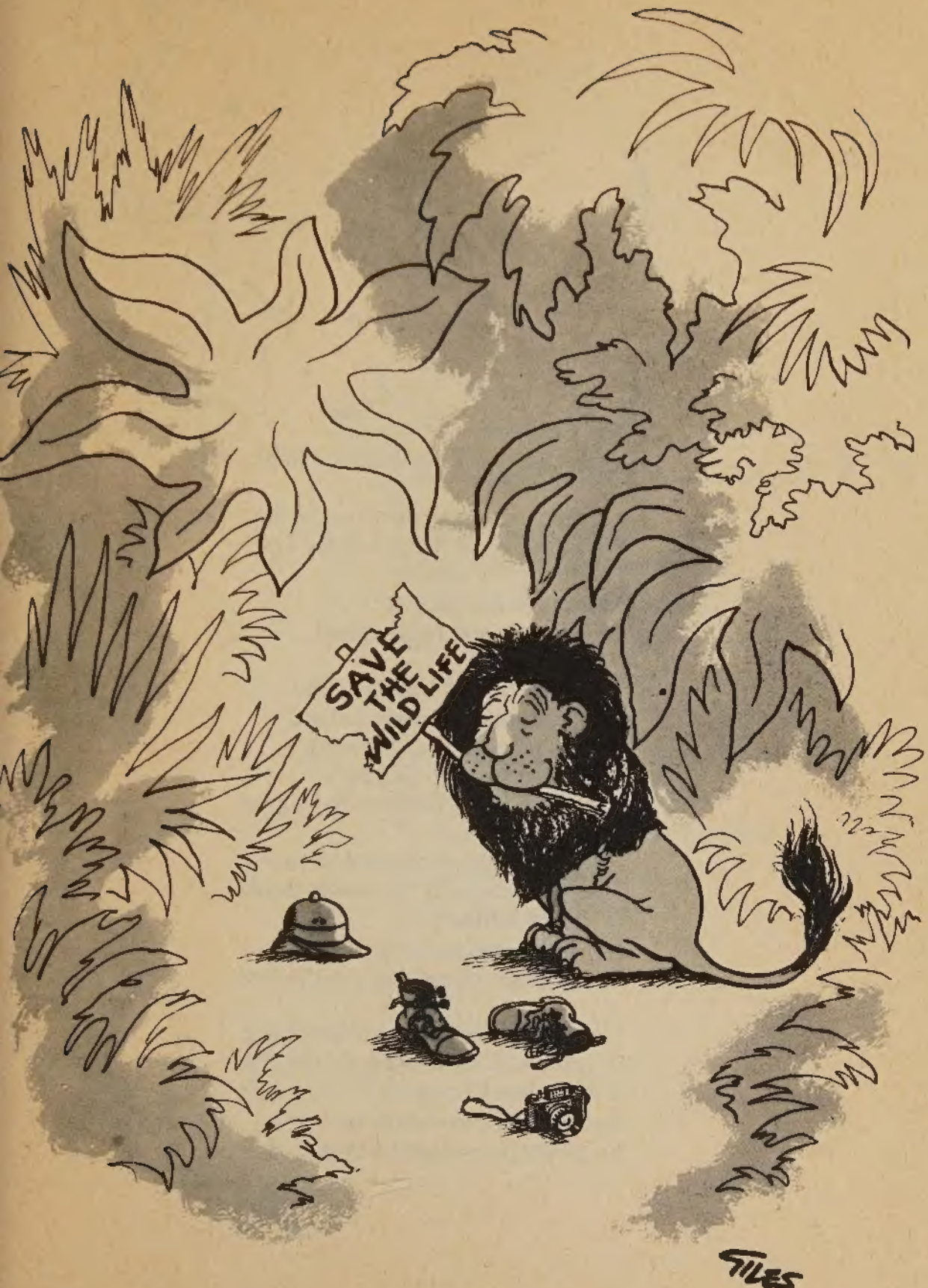
Acknowledgement

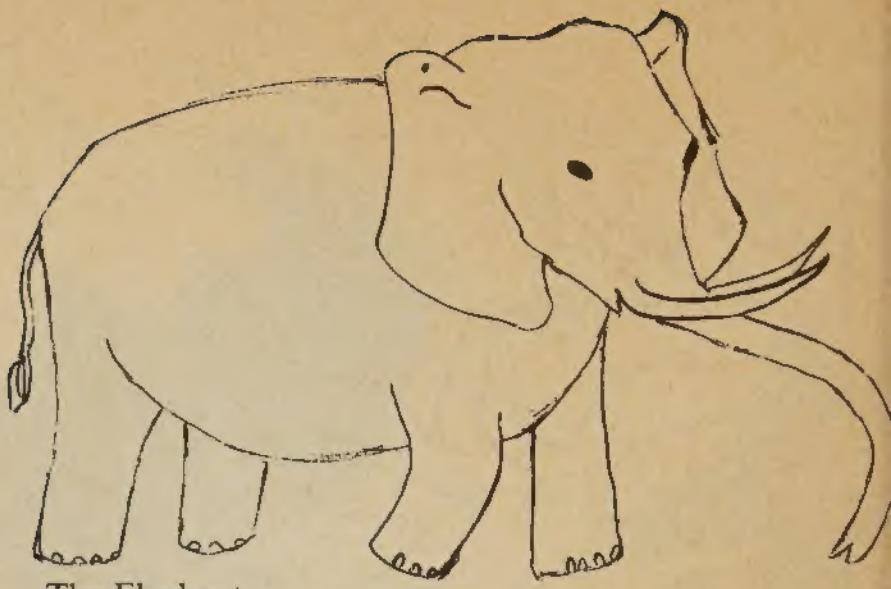
The editors and publishers would like to thank all the contributors for their generosity, and all the other people who have helped to produce the book, particularly Norma Farnes and Susan Hatt-Cook, both untiring supporters, and Peter Windett who suffered the design problems.

We would also like to say how impressed we are that all the contributors who said they couldn't draw were brave enough and cared enough to have a go. The result is a wealth of charm, inventiveness and wit from all of them.

We would also like to express our thanks to the following people who, due to one reason or another, could not produce a drawing but nevertheless wished the book every success.

Edmund Blunden
The Countess of Dartmouth, GLC
Frankie Howerd
Glenda Jackson
Sir Michael Tippett
Prof. Dr Konrad Lorenz
David Attenborough
The Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands
Rolf Harris
Val Doonican
Lord and Lady Montagu
Pete Murray
Donald Swann
Clement Freud
Ronnie Corbett
Ingrid Bergman
Jack Brabham
Jilly Cooper
Sir Noel Coward
Marty Feldman
Christopher Logue
David Shepherd
David Dimbleby
Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, MP
Denis Norden


SAVE THE WILD LIFE
GILES



The Elephant
by the Rt Hon Peter Walker, MBE, MP.

I am a mammal who lived in days past
Who discovered that I was the last
To inhabit the scenery
And eat all the greenery
Of Britain – and I was aghast.

Extinction's so boring, I find
And its really extremely unkind
There's no chance of breeding
So I'll just keep on feeding
And get my Will ordered and signed.

I gather that somewhere abroad
There's a gradually increasing horde
Of creatures like I
Not so big and more shy
But in jungle terms they are the lord.

So I bequeath them an area stark
If they find a spare place on the Ark
Just get Noah to agree
And you should always see
An elephant in Regents Park.

Poem chosen by Dame Sybil Thorndike

'Little Things'

Little things that run and fail
And die in silence and despair.
Little things that fight and fail and fall
On earth and sea and air.
All trapt and frightened little things
The Mouse, the Coney, hear our prayer.
As we forgive those done to us
The Lamb, the Linnet and the Hare
Forgive us all our trespasses
Little creatures everywhere.

James Stephens

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CONTRIBUTORS

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Anon 84
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Viscountess Bangor 110
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BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Spike Milligan obviously hopes that this book of pictures will encourage people to take a sympathetic interest in wildlife. I dearly hope he is right, provided only that people don't get so carried away by the charm and beauty of the creatures in the pictures that they feel badly let down when they see roughly similar animals in the flesh.

Publication and other problems mean that I am unable to look over all the contributions to this book before composing these few words of commendation. I can therefore only say that, whatever the contents, the book is in a good cause, so that anyone who buys it can indulge in a modest amount of satisfaction without even having to open it. The Wildlife Youth Service deserves all the help and encouragement it can get.

Having collected and displayed just how the great and the famous see their favourite animals, I think it would only be fair to compose a companion collection of drawings of their favourite people by the animals.

1971.

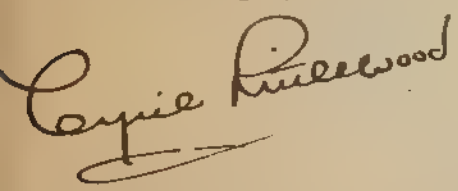
The Wildlife Youth Service tries to help children to take more interest in the preservation of Wildlife everywhere. Children, in fact, join in study projects which produce lots of useful observations on British Wildlife. Schools and education authorities work closely with the Youth Service. The children have a special fund-raising section called AID Corps which in five years has contributed nearly £60,000 to conservation projects all over the world.

In addition there is the PANDA Club for 5–10 year olds and the Wildlife Observers for 11–18 year olds. We organize camps, rambles, study projects, etc. and have our own magazine 'Wildlife Reporter' which is published as a supplement in *Animals*.

The Wildlife Youth Service is not necessarily out to recruit the keen 'young naturalist' type of child but to enrol every boy and girl who is in any way interested in wildlife, and who feels that it is worth preserving for the future.

Unfortunately it is too late to save some species but others can be saved now if people care enough.

All children like animals and if they can be taught to change this affection to real care for nature as they grow then the world has a chance of being more habitable in the future. We hope you agree.

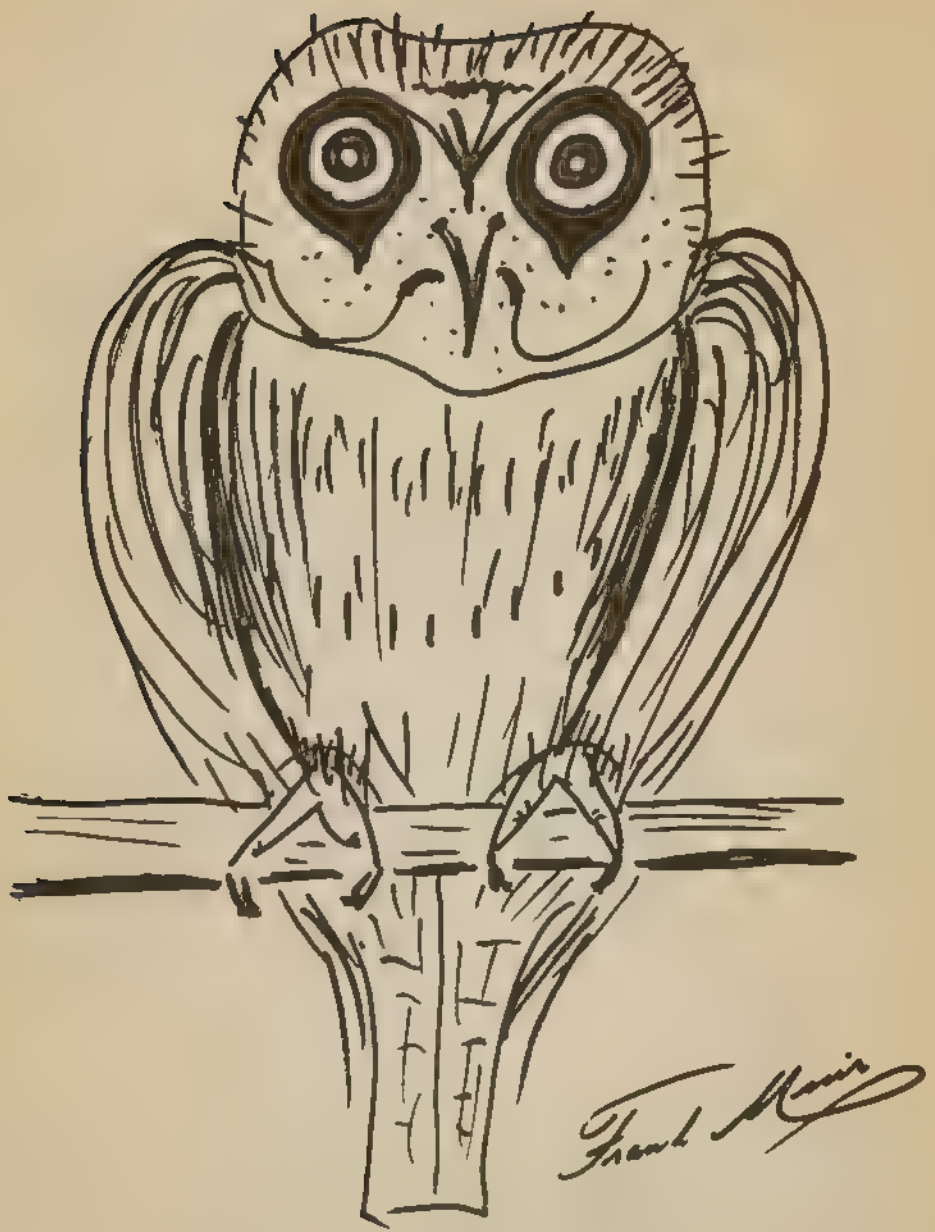


Cyril Littlewood, MBE.
Director Wildlife Youth Service
Marston Court, Manor Road,
Wallington, Surrey

That's the lecture over folks. Now read on:

2 Lions, 2 Dogs, 2 Cats, 2 Alligators, 2 Eggs, 2 Chips, 2 fish, 2 Chickens 2 Elep
2 Tigers, 2 Stripes, 2 leopards 7 dozen spots

TO ALL WILDLIFE



Before I am permitted by the laws of nature to go to work on an egg, there is a tedious and distasteful course of action which I am obliged to pursue;

To wit - to woo.

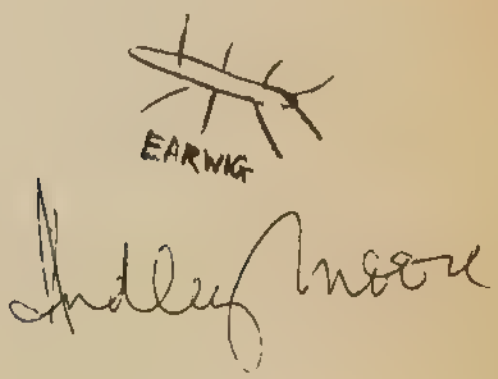
Civil Service Heron

Dudley Moore's Earwig

Poem by Spike Milligan

The earwig
Of Dudley Moore

Appears at dawn
Or half past four
If you have ears that are
Bald large and big
Pray cover them up
With Dudley's earwig.

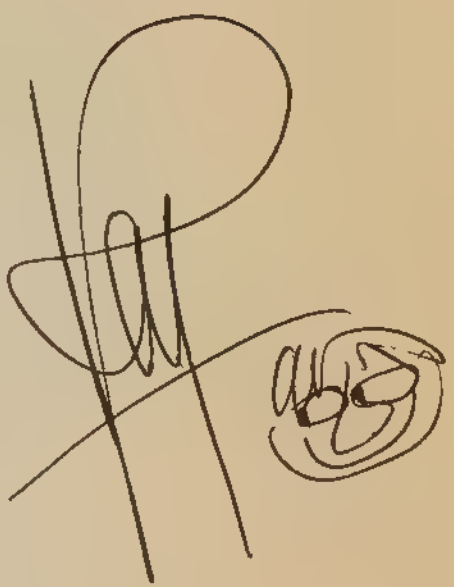


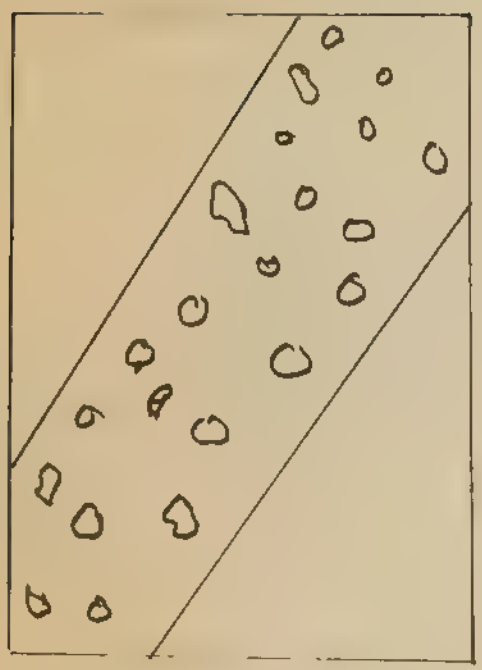
The Bumble Bee by Joyce Grenfell

The Bumble Bee is oddly wrought
Aerodynamically it ought
To find it quite impossible to rise
But Bumble Bees don't know the rule,
For Bumble Bees don't go to schule—
They flies.

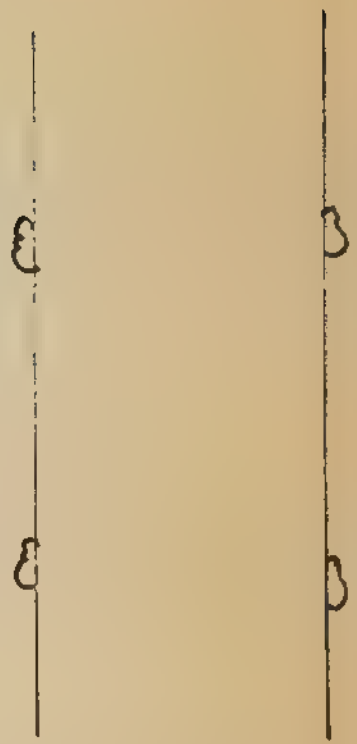
Four Echidnas by Roy Hudd

FOUR ECHIDNAS GOT OUT OF THEIR CAR
AND WALKED UP A HILL LED BY PA
WHEN THEY GOT TO THE TOP
THEIR FATHER SAID 'STOP!'
PLEASE DO NOT LEAN OVER TOO FAR'
'HOW FAR CAN WE LEAN?'
YES, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?'
CRIED HIS CHILDREN 'OH SHOW US DEAR DA'
NO FARTHER THAN THAT' SAID DAD - AND THEN
SPLAT!
HE JUST LAY - LOOKING UP - SHOUTING
'AAAARGH!'





Giraffe going past a window

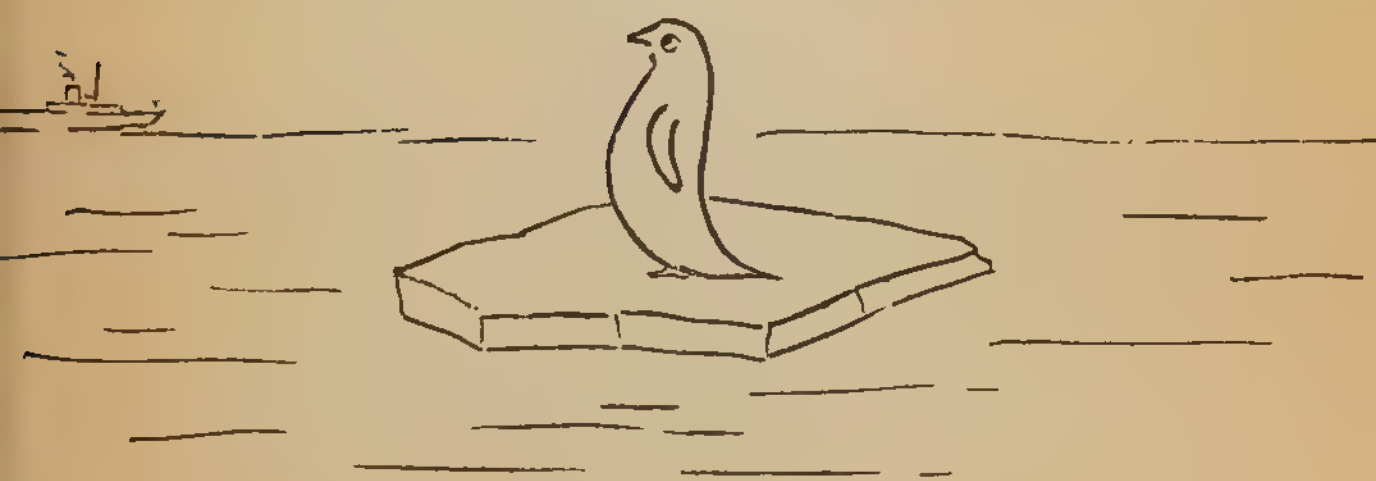


Bear climbing up a tree

Sir Vivian Fuchs

A peripatetic penguin I,
Who flippers vainly twixt sea and sky,
In friendly contemplation on a floe
I watch the ships that come and go,
And wonder why?

They fish not; nor do they commune
With us, each other, or the moon.
So why do they come breaking in?
Polluting ice is quite a sin:
Be gone, and soon!



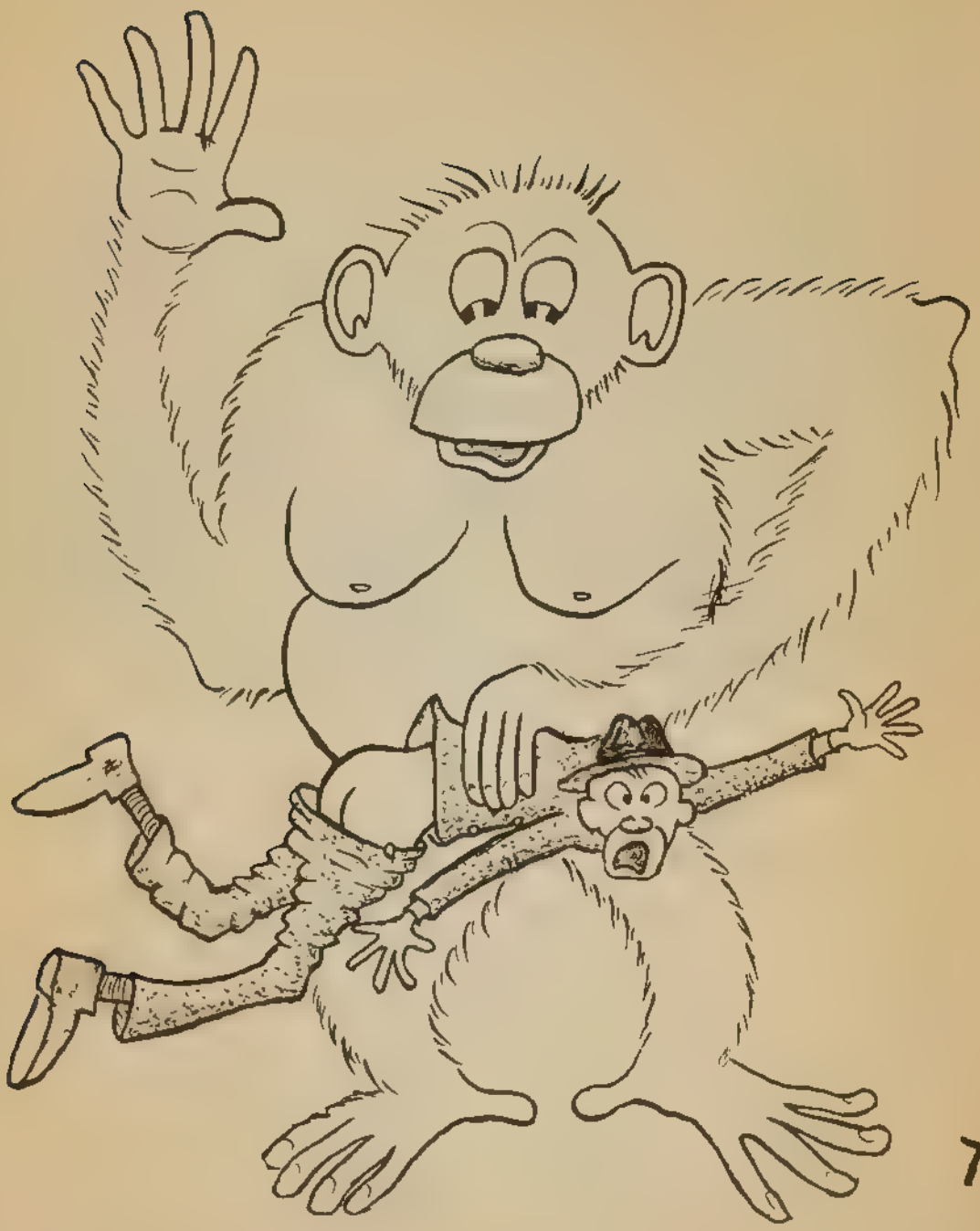
Aardvark by Harry Secombe

The Aardvark's shape is a funny one
And its character's hardly a Sunny one.
But – no cause for alarm,
It will do you no harm;
For "aardvark" never killed anyone.

The Piebald Palomino Mare
by Philip Howard

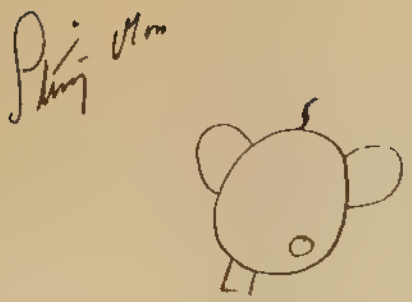
This piebald palomino mare
(a breed that is extremely rare)
Comes trotting through a field of grass.
Fritillaries fly to watch her pass.
Couronnes de thym et de marjolaine
les Elfes joyeux dansent sur la plaine.
She does not stop to browse or smell
The Amaranth and Asphodel
Because she does not want to miss
Milligan's boat. The scribe of this
Was helped with words and coloured pen
By daughter Juliette aged ten.

Philip Howard



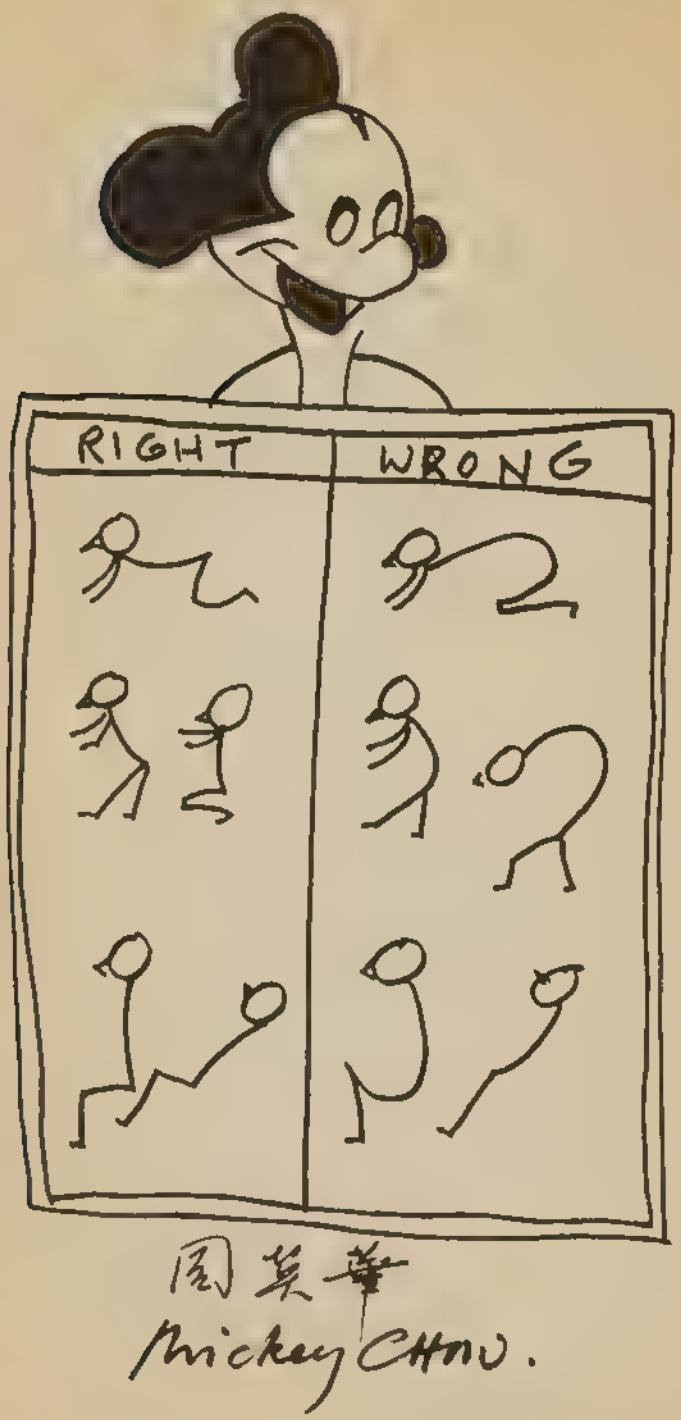
"My stupid son, you pollute the Earth

Thor Heyerdahl



Elephant running on the Ark
Stirling Moss

Confucius he say 'Man who get slipped disc ends up at bottom of chart'
Ed. Note

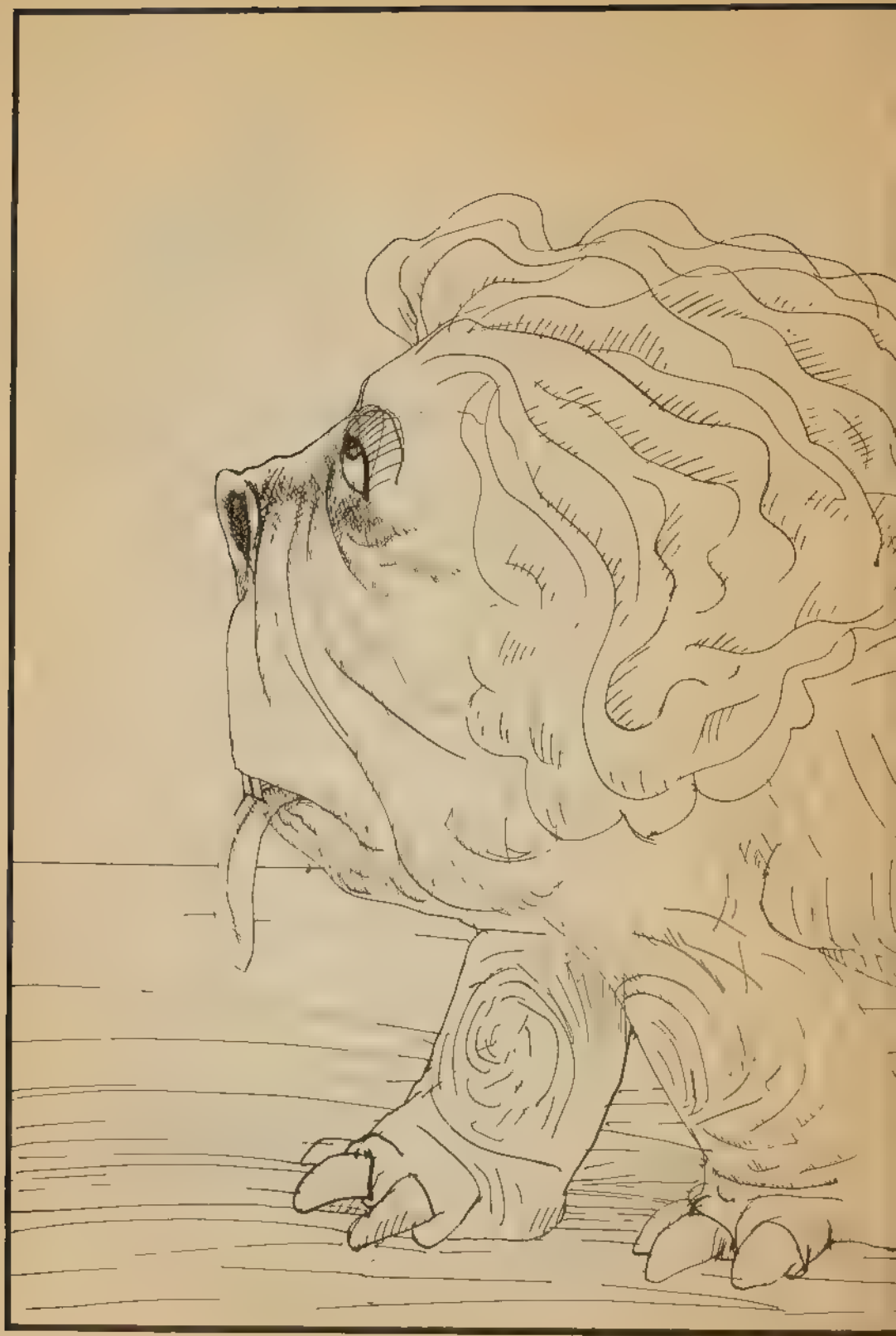


Michael Chow

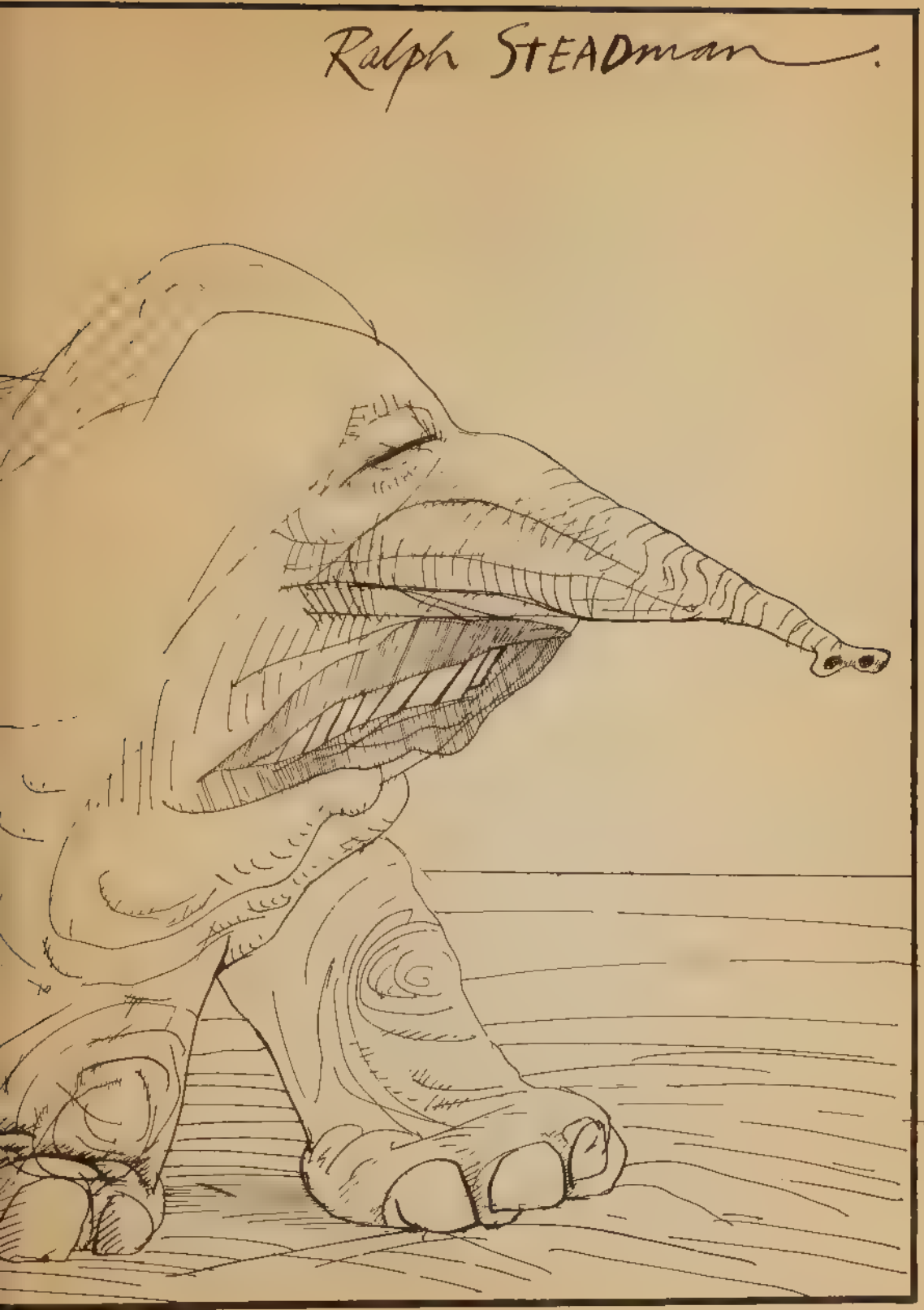
Orbital Ducking Station by Eamonn Andrews

A bird never flew on a wing—
O'Casey said.
But that was a while ago.
O'Casey's dead!

Eamonn Andrews
Spike - it's catching

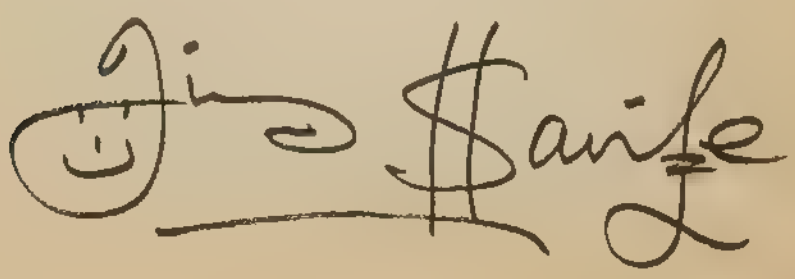


Politic



Ralph Steadman

Rare Species of British Bird by Jimmy Savile



Michael Bentine ©

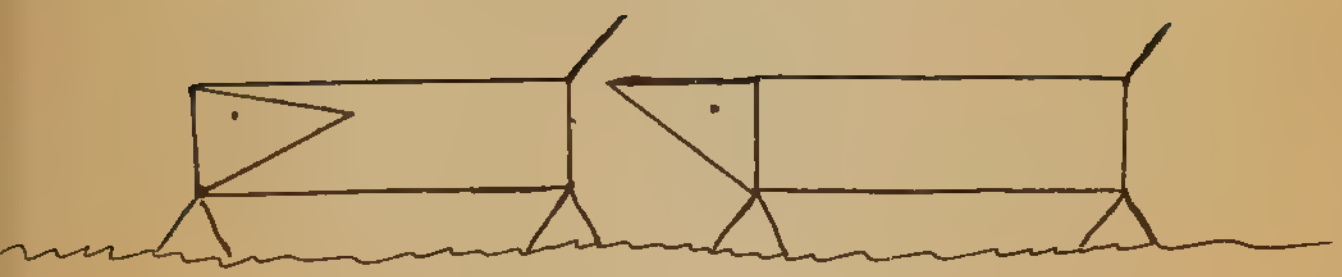
A PERUVIAN BLOTTO

THE PERUVIAN BLOTTOS ARE RARER
THAN VICUNAS ALPACAS OR LLAMAS
THEY LIVE IN THE HIGHEST SIERRA
AND ONLY EAT - FLANNEL PYJAMAS.

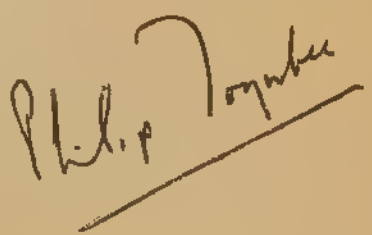
GROEDIPUS REX

Tony Hart

Philip Toynbee

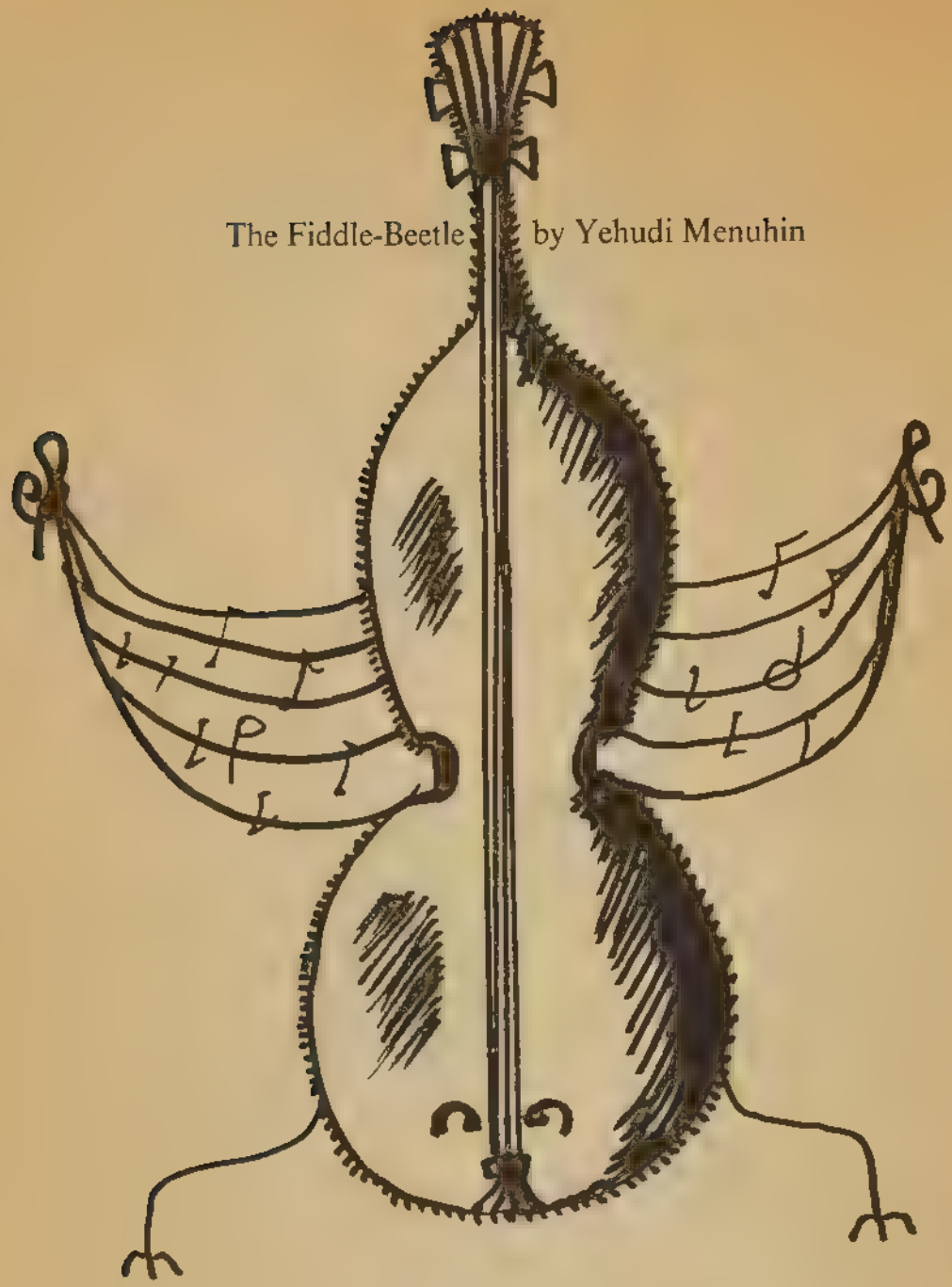


What do you think you're sniffing at?



is my favourite
supermarket—
And I get tick here!

The Fiddle-Beetle by Yehudi Menuhin

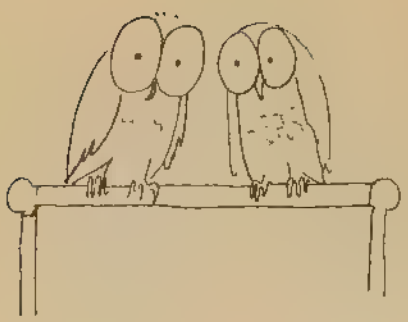


I am the Fiddle-Beetle
I hum by night or day
By nature centripetal
I wing my own sweet way.

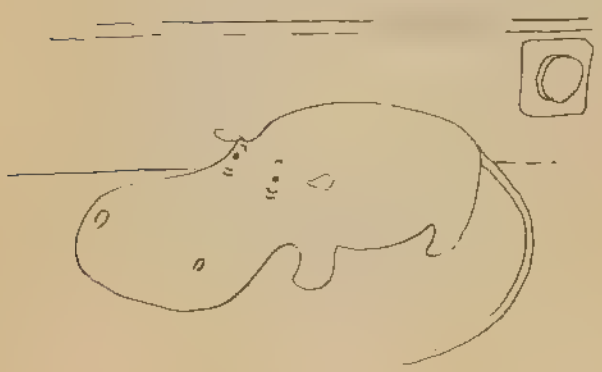
Yehudi Menuhin

A dog will come when he is called;
A cat will walk away.
A pekinese will do as he please,
Whatever you may say.

Barbara Cartland



Guest Owls and Hippopotamouse



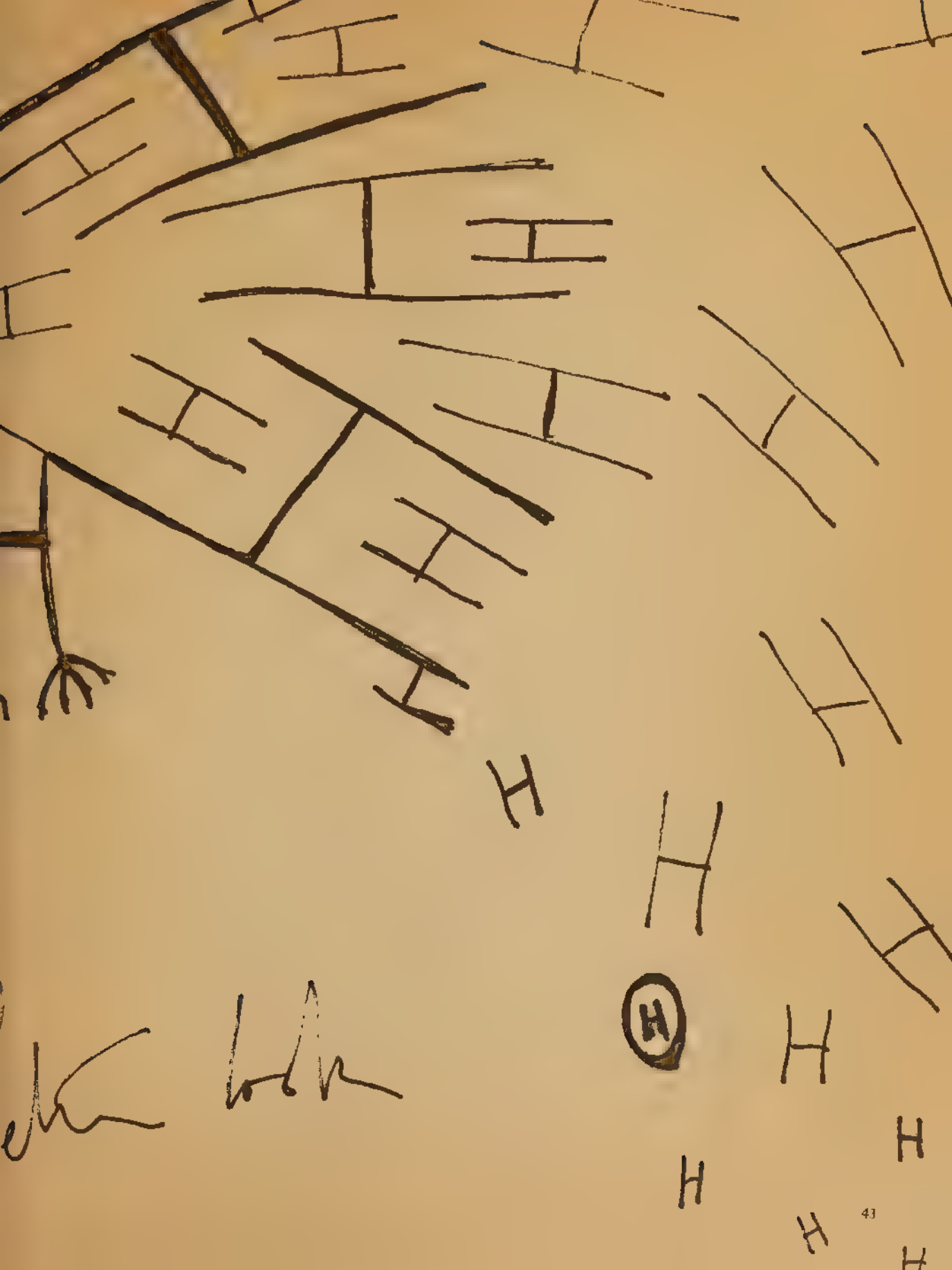
Sir Hugh Casson

The only Animal I do admire is the Tortoise.
He doth not prance about nor solicit favours.
He preyeth not on his fellows.
He moveth with circumspection.
His sex life is enigmatic,
Yet his passion abideth, yea, unto an hundred years.
He getteth not a move on; he despiseth deadlines.
Truly his bearing is a Model to us all.

James Cameron (from the Sanskrit.)

This is the now extinct Great (H)awk—
an Aristocratic bird that died of shame through dropping its H's.
Peter Cook

Ursula Bloom


H
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We call him Sebastian
Anxious and cautious
With one eye upon us
On account of he's Jewish.

We can't leave without him
He bounces at strangers
With love and affection
And makes them embarrassed
On account of he's Jewish.

He licks them with relish
Though tired and harassed
He forces attention
But only for seconds
His joy's soon diminished
At which he collapses
On account of he's Jewish,

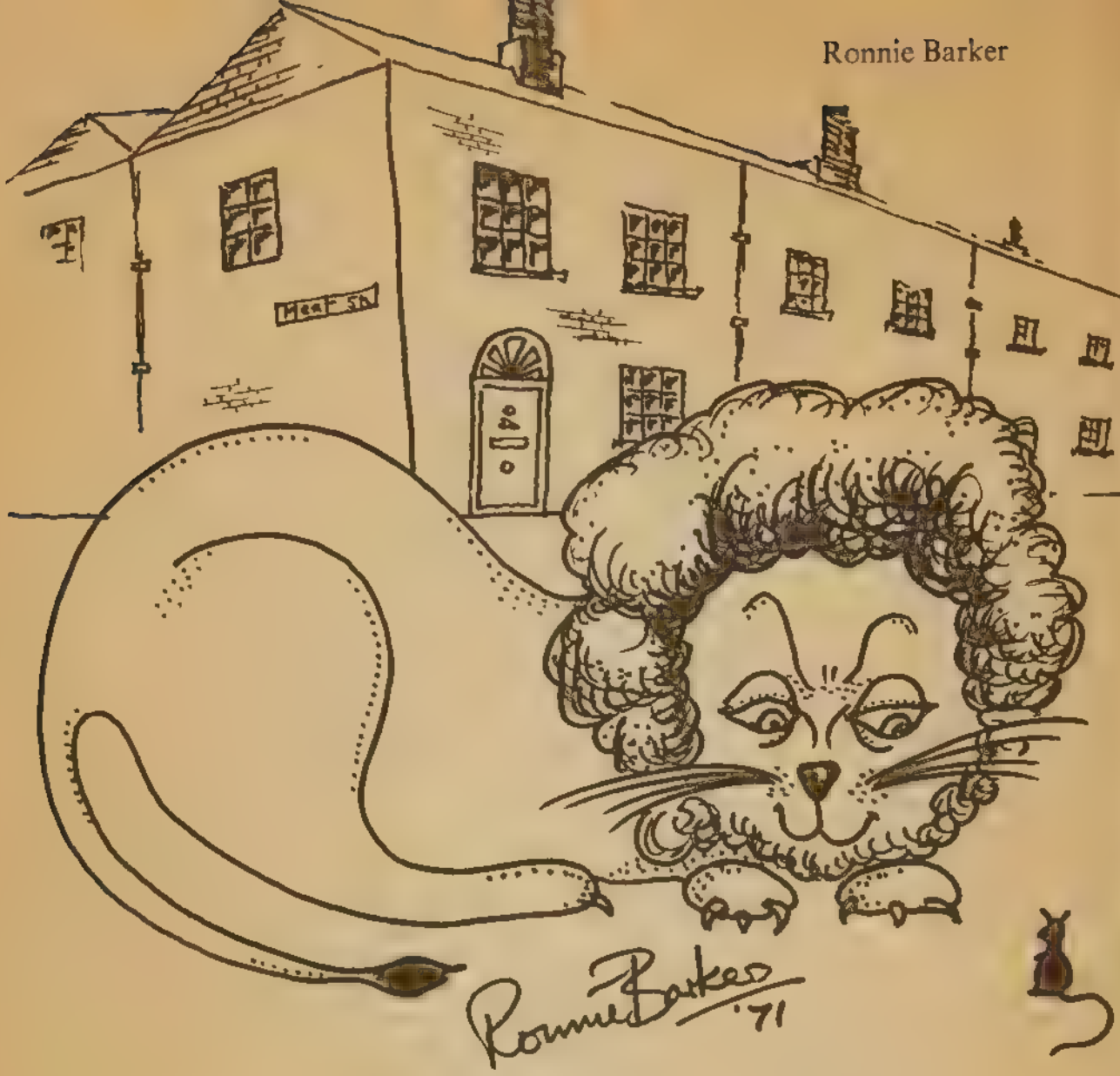
As long as you're near him
To hear and protect him
And feed him and need him
And smother and lather
His ears with affection
And give him attention
On account of he's Jewish.

Arnold Wesker

We can't leave without him
He bounces at strangers
With bite and affection
And makes them embarrassed
On account of his Jewish

As long as you're near him
To hear and protect him
And feed him and weed him
And smother and lather
His ears with affection
And give him attention
On account of he's Jewish.

For Spike and self life and
conversation
from Arnold Weeks May 1971.

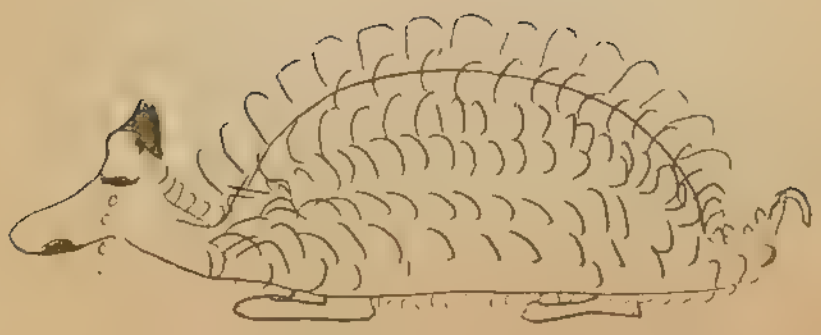


Here we see a friendly lion,
Conversing with a mouse;
And just behind him, we can see
The lion's corner house.

Tony Jacklin

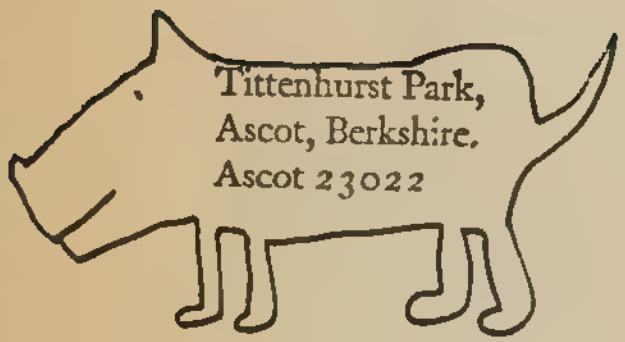
When porcupines are
a little bit sickerly
They are not nearly
so blooming prickerly.

Hattie Jacques



Andrew Gardner

THE GREATER WOGGLY COMING IN TO LAND IN THE MATING SEASON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Ascot 23022

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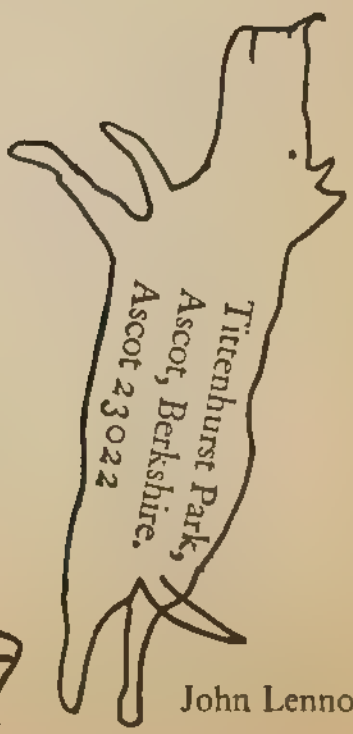
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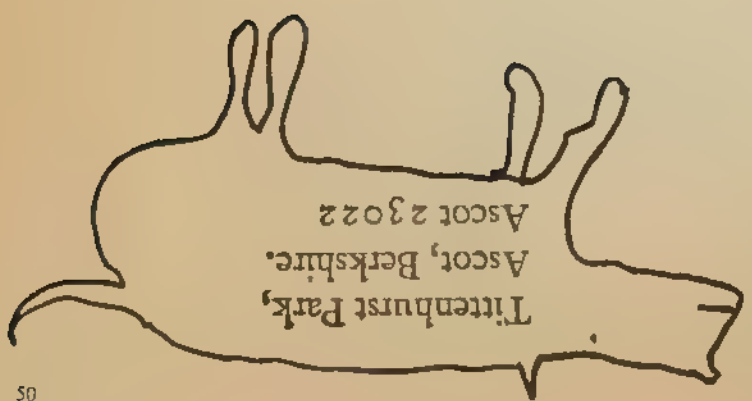
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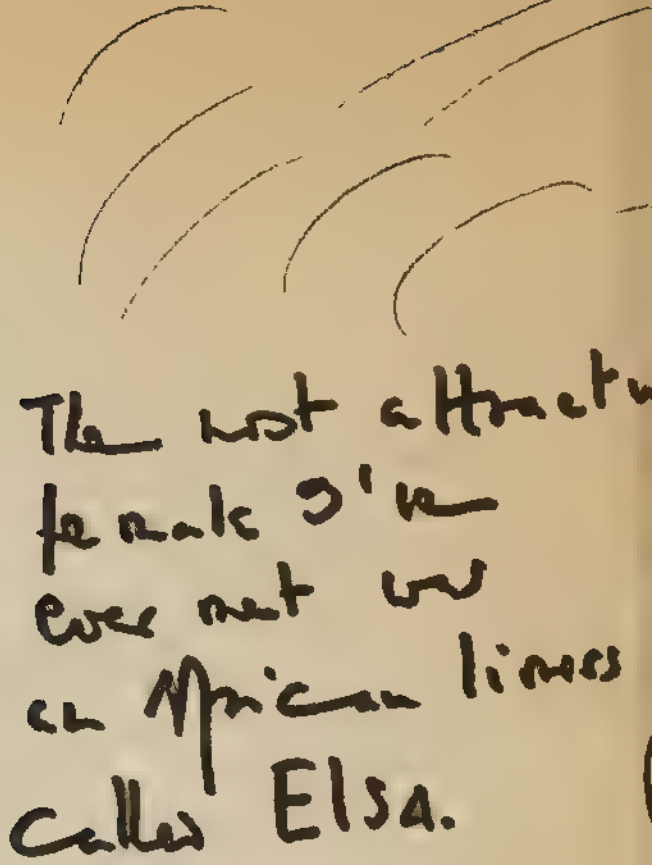
John Lennon

Invisible Animals

do you like my music?

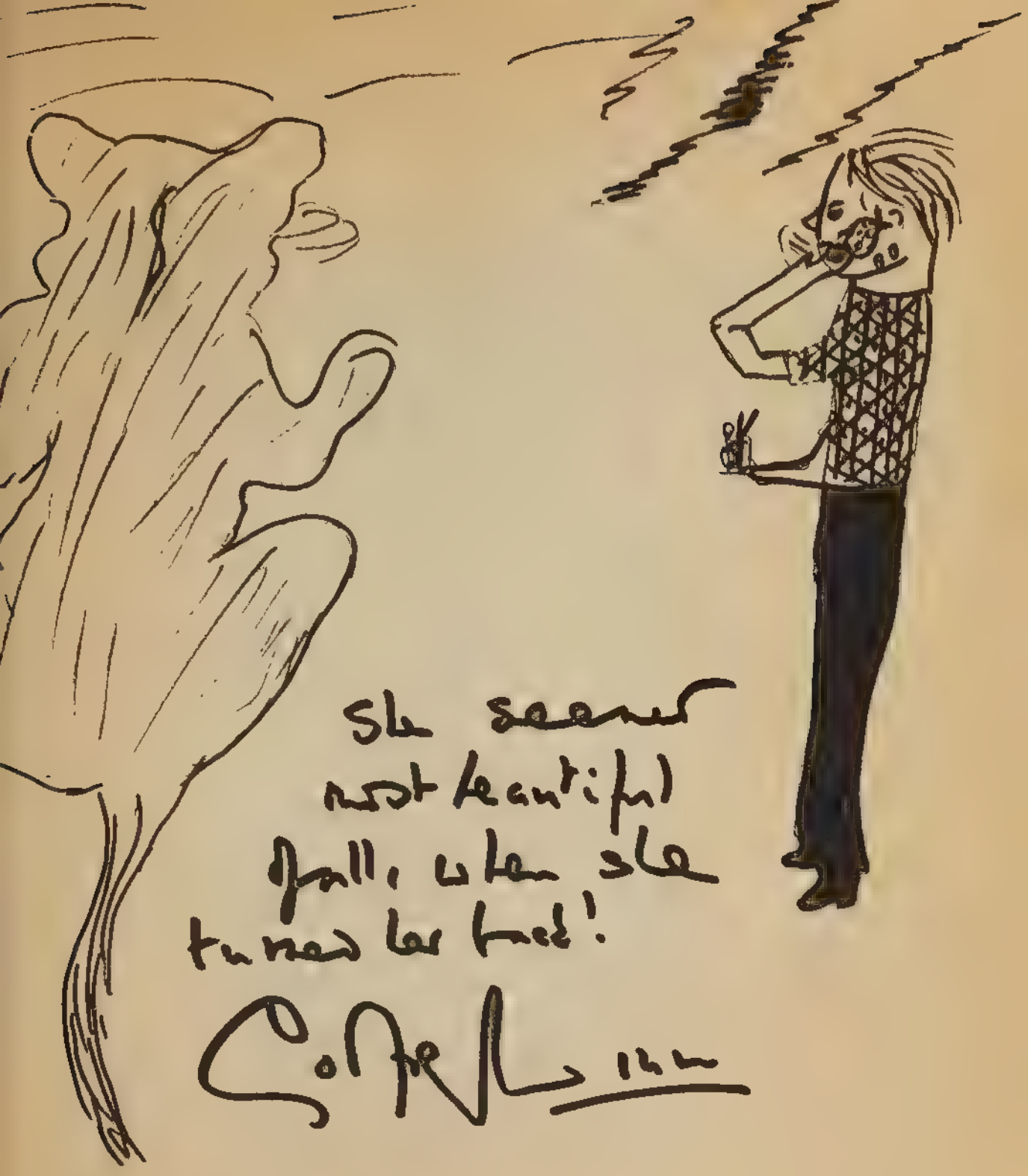
Yoko Ono

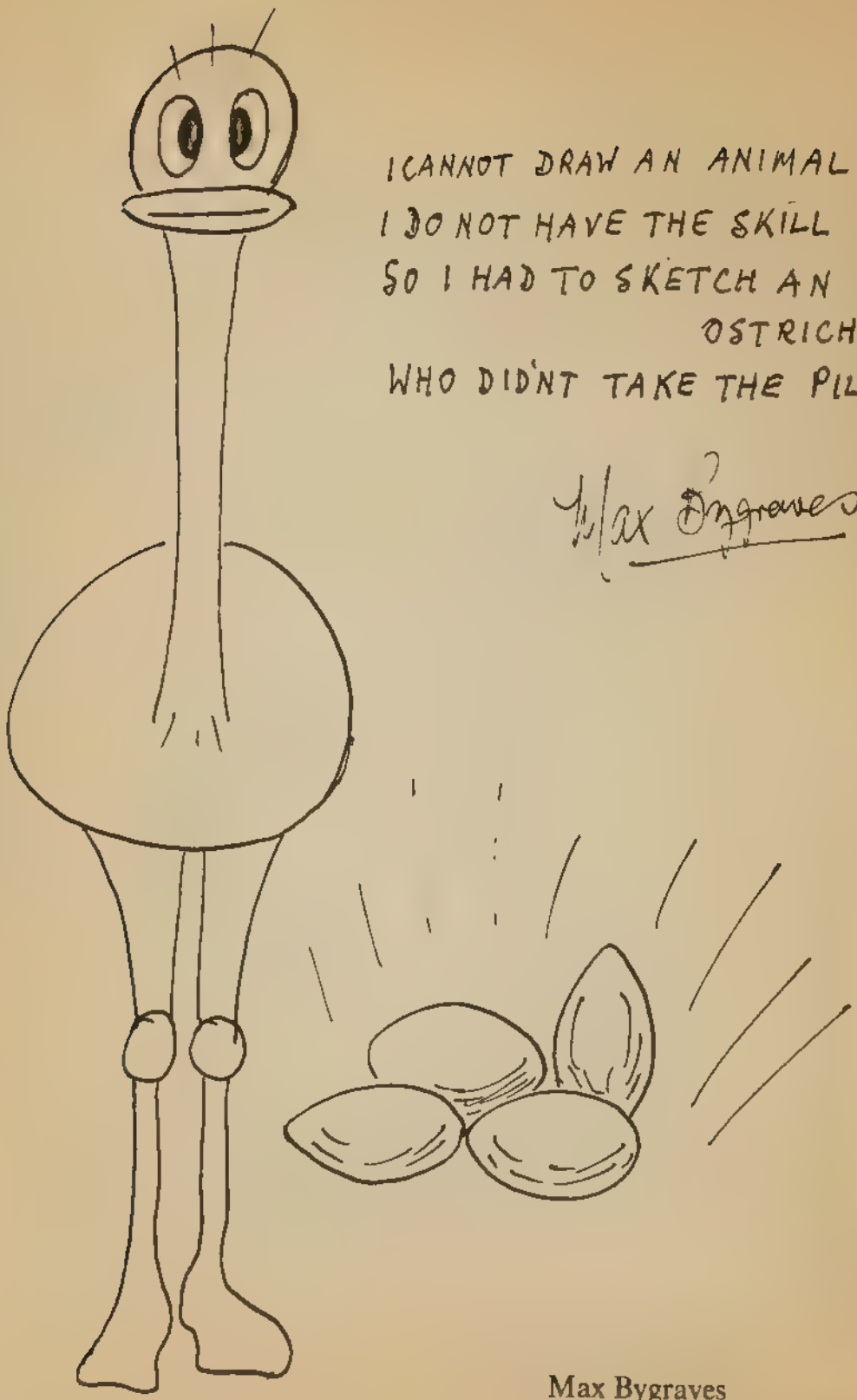


The most attractive
female I've
ever met was
an African lioness
called Elsa.

She seemed
most beautiful
of all, when she
turned her back!

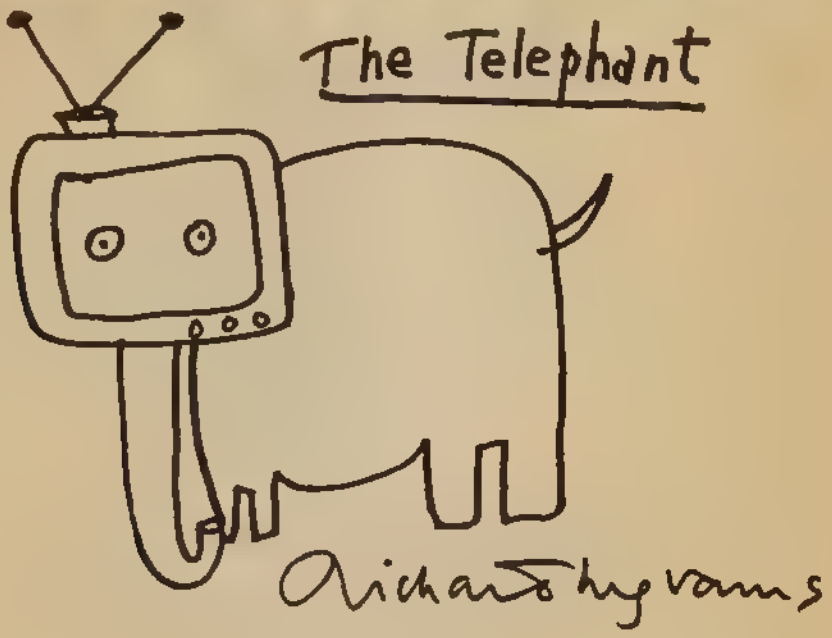
Godfrey Winn


She seems
most beautiful
when she
turns her head!



Max Bygraves

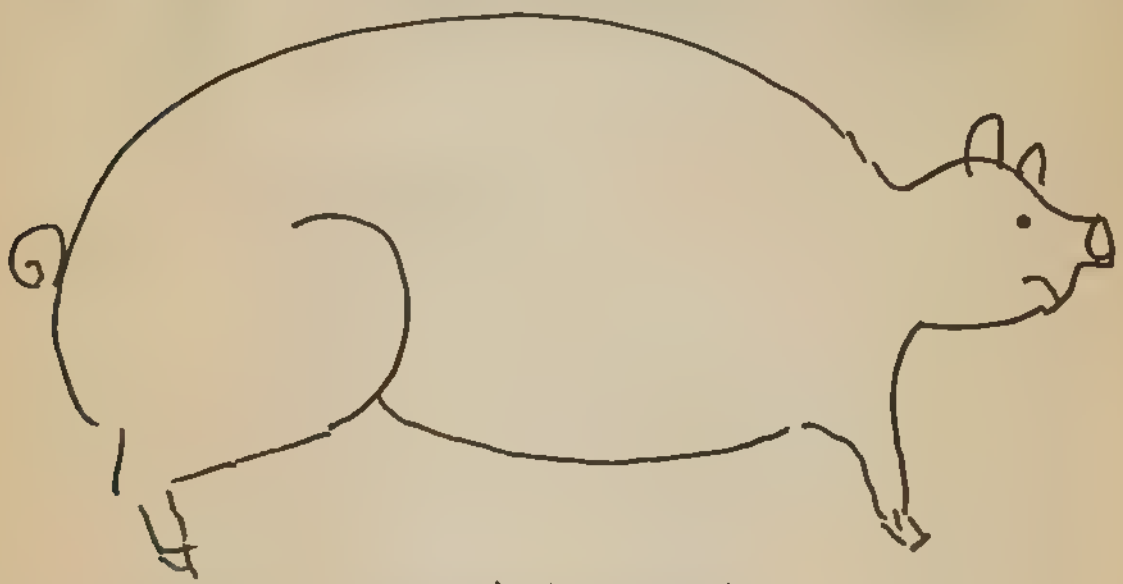
PRIVATE EYE
34 Greek Street, London, W1. 01-437 4017 Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations



Richard Ingrams

The pig exclaimed, on seeing the slicer,
'I think this world might well be nicer—

Which of us, should a vote be taken,
Would want to finish up as bacon?'



The slicer rasped, 'Now listen, pig!
Your brains are small; your bottom's big

This world is full of woe and waste—
Be grateful you're to someone's taste!'

Edward Lucie-Smith

The Pig by Edward Lucie-Smith

The pig exclaimed, on seeing the slicer,
'I think this world might well be nicer—

Which of us, should a vote be taken,
Would want to finish up as bacon?'

The slicer rasped, 'Now listen, pig!
Your brains are small; your bottom's big

This world is full of woe and waste—
Be grateful you're to someone's taste!'

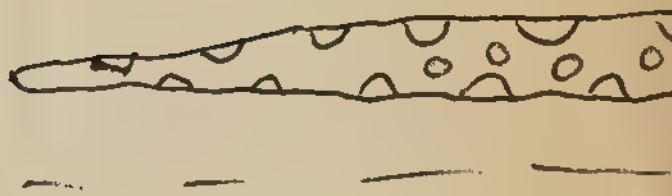
The Roc

A
bird, now
understandably
extinct.

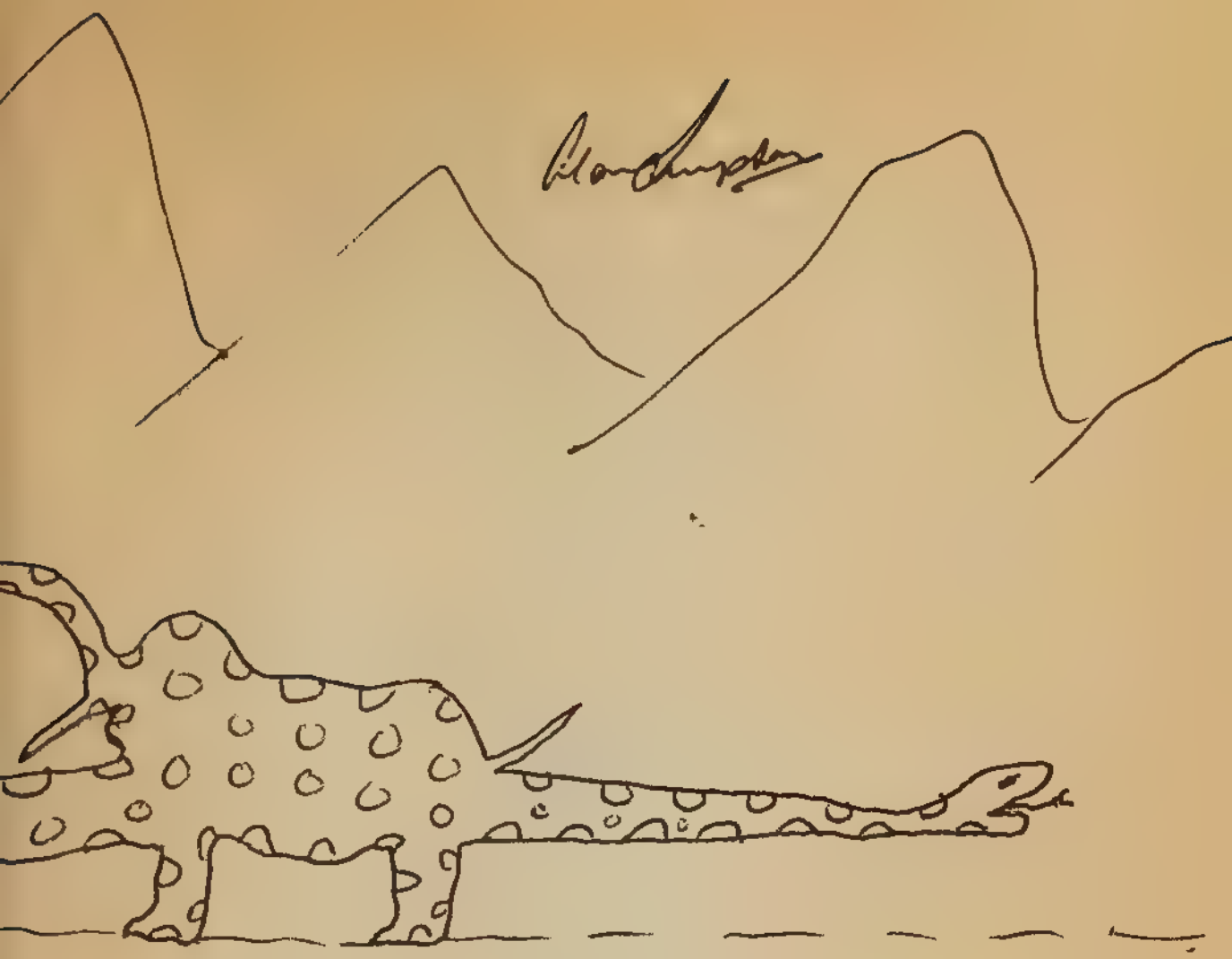
From an
Artist's impression, also extinct.

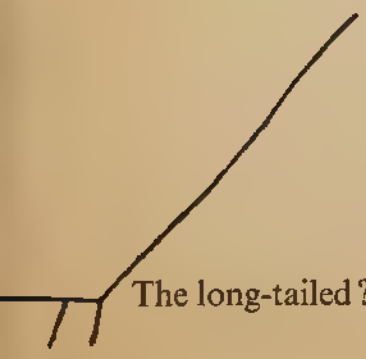
(Dick Lester)

The biggest snake in the world having its dinner.
Alan Simpson



Vidal Sassoon





The long-tailed?

Eric Sykes

"Dear Eagle" said Miss Macalary
"Whilst I live in auld Tipperary
You live in an eyrie",
The Eagle said, "Dearie,
I'd sooner live eyrie than ther

Cliff Michelmore

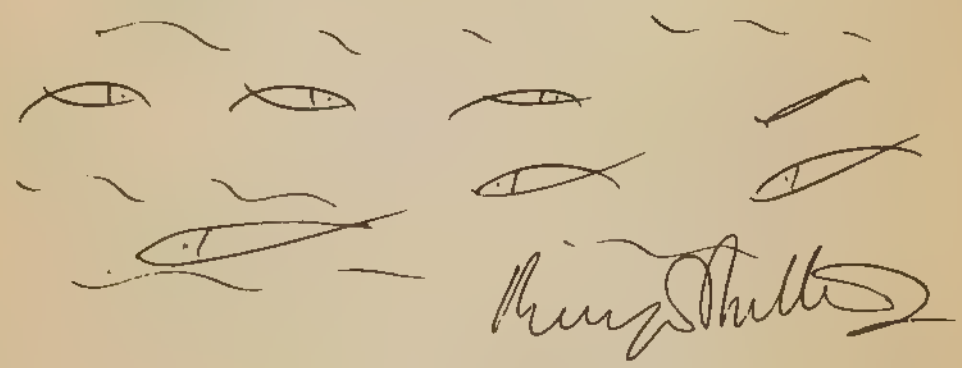
Mich Clifflemouse
Doesn't live in a house
He has no need to—
His mother had a big shoe
Which she left him
And it he now lives in,
With three other Clifflemouses.

May 13th 1971

THE RED HOUSE, ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

Sorry - I'm never been a draughtsman, the only things I have ever drawn have been for R, - covers & living by the Work for

I suppose



Benjamin Britten

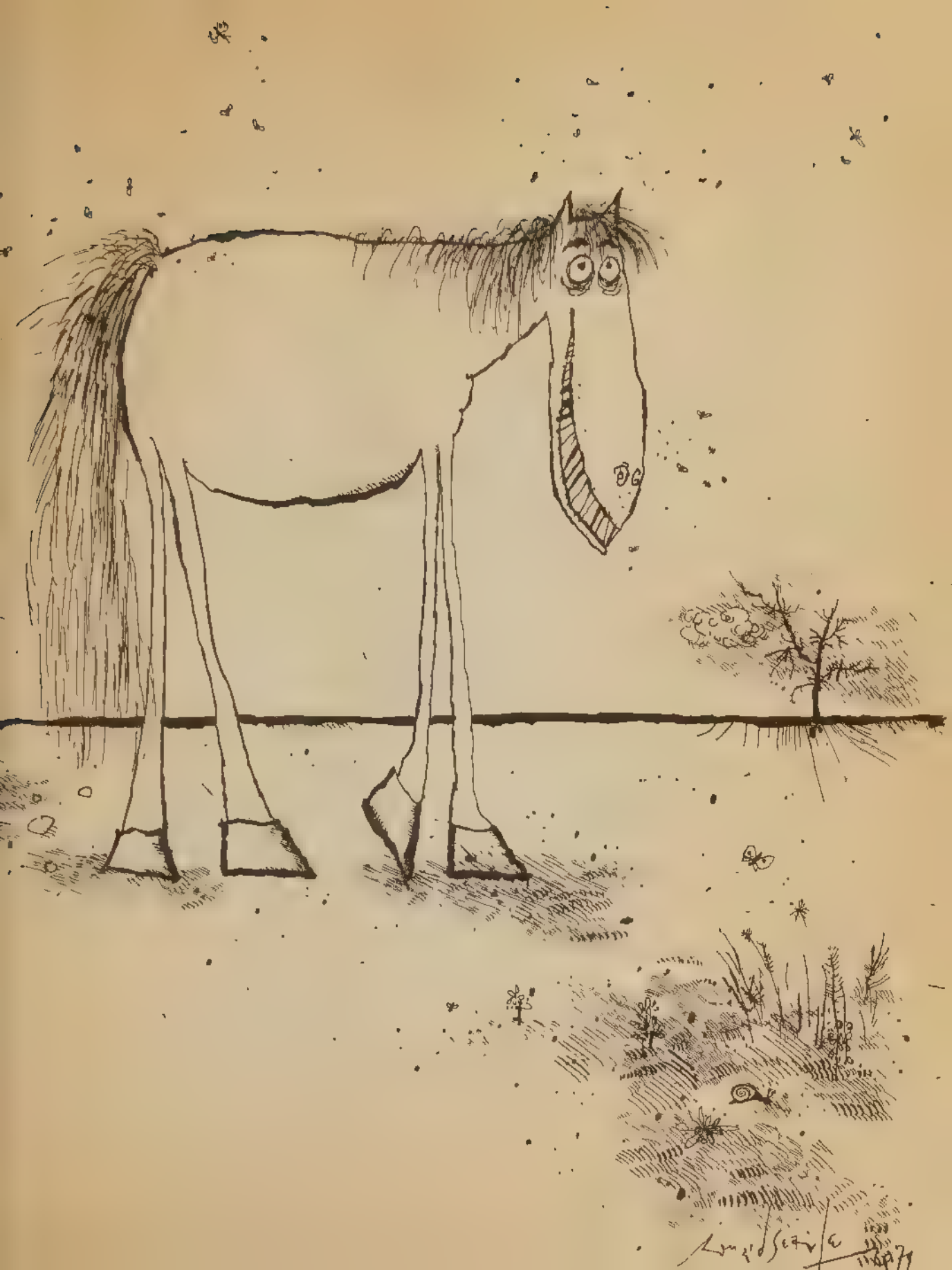
Muriel, the Serval.

Muriel, a single Serval
Hoping to make things plural
Dreaming of several Servals
A Severval survival marvel.

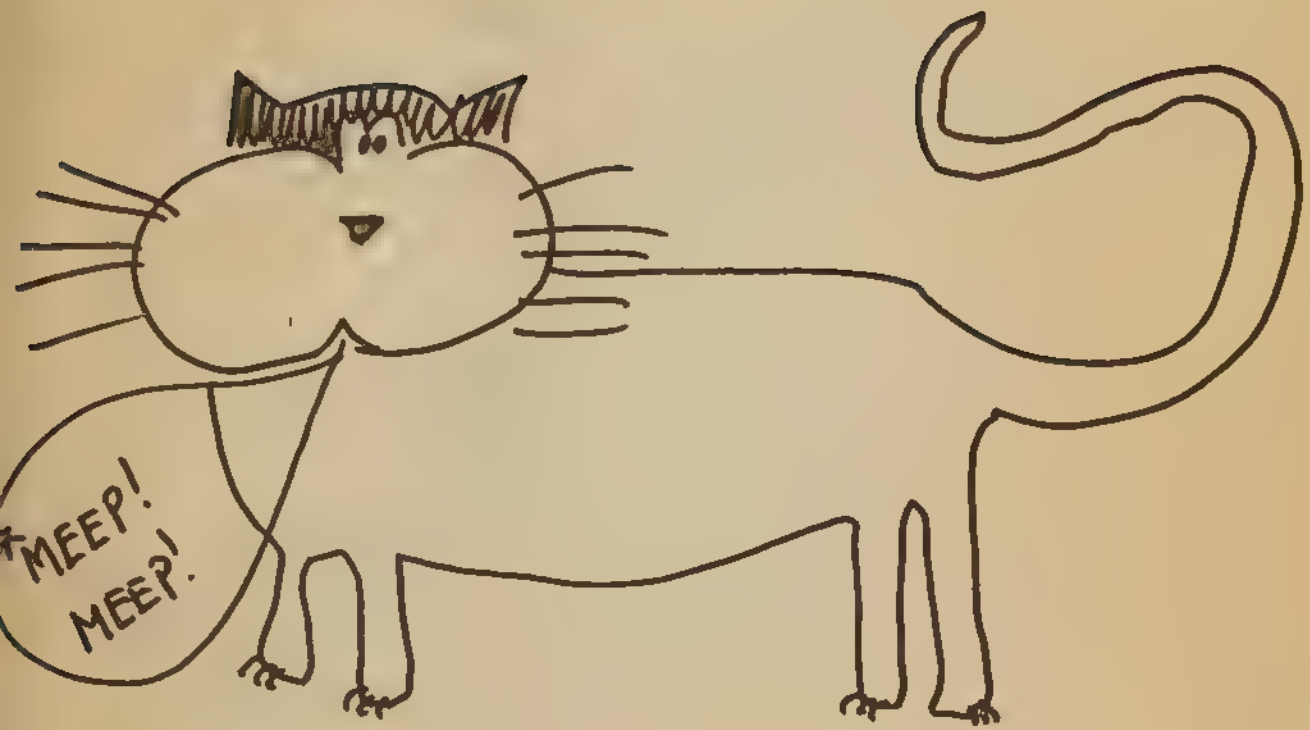
Johnny Morris

Idiot horse under the impression that it is representative of wild-life.

Ronald Searle ©



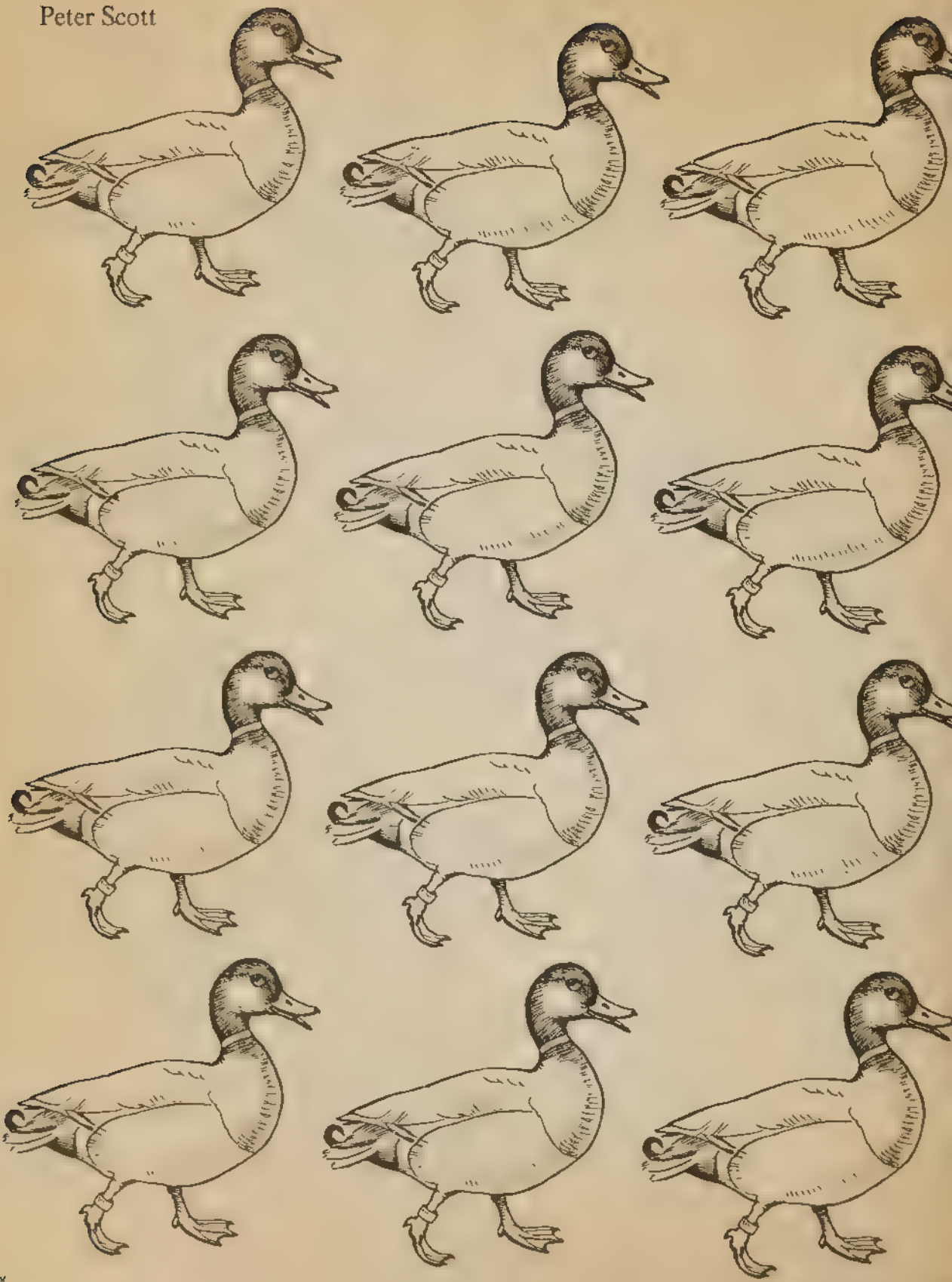
* TSE TUNG.



* See Meouw.

Spike Milligan

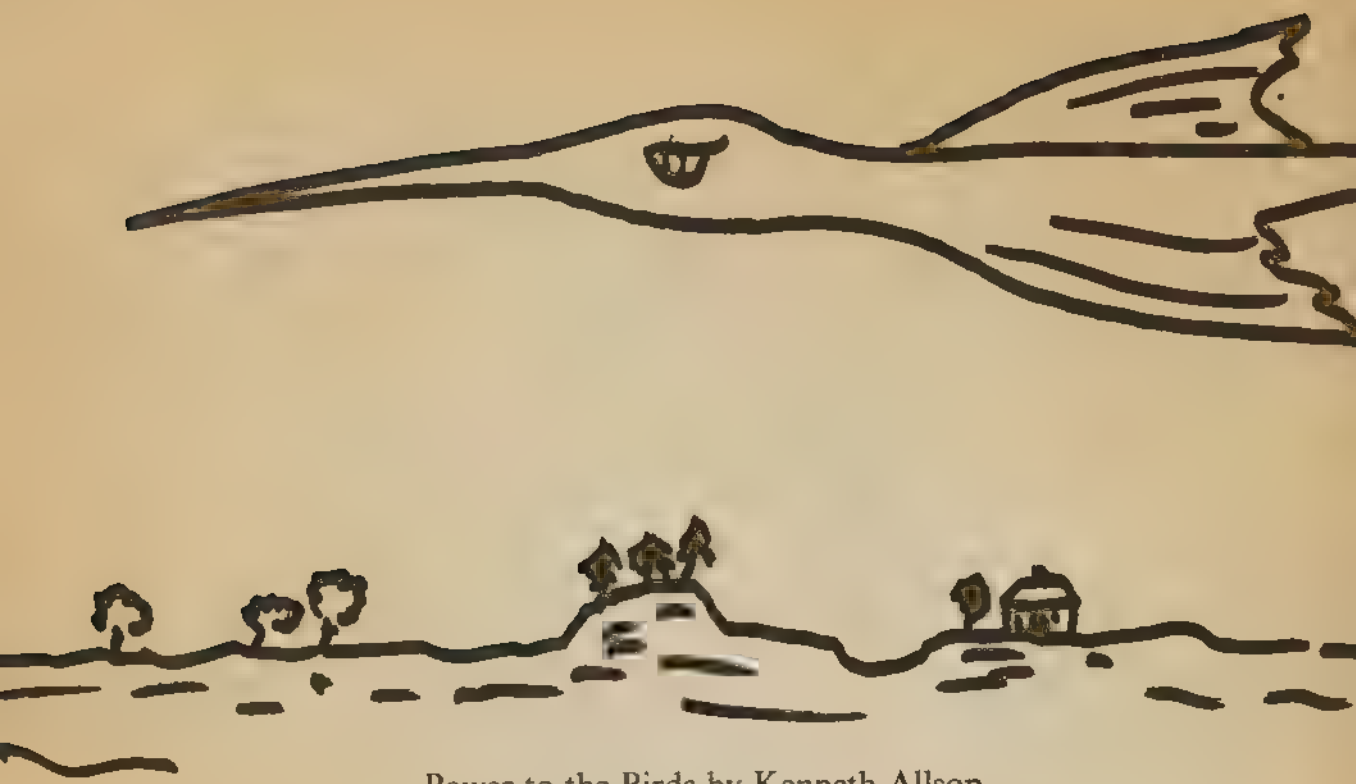
Peter Scott



Social Climbing Penguin by Quentin Crewe

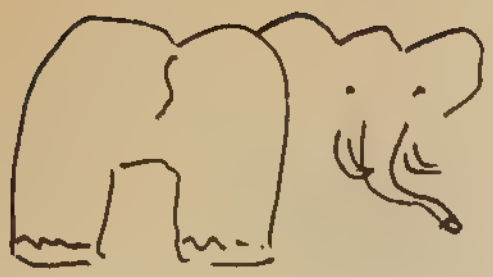
Social-climbing Penguin

There are several kinds of animal whose habits I deplore,
I daresay I could make a list of twenty-eight or more.
It is not, you understand I hope, the simply graceless bunch,
Like the social-climbing penguin who wears a dinner suit for lunch
Nor yet that dreadful monkey with his purple-coloured bum,
Nor those parrots, nor those mynahs, whose language shocks my Mum.
I am thinking of the spiders (and the stonefish, quicker still)
Which give you seven minutes in which to write your will.
There are mambas and mosquitoes and scorpions and cats,
Vultures, kreits and rattlesnakes, some flies and vampire bats.
Such killers, you might hazard, have evolved a simple plan:
The swift eradication of the species known as man.
Not so. In fact, more probable is exactly the reverse...
And if creatures are deplorable, then man is far, far worse.



Power to the Birds by Kenneth Allsop

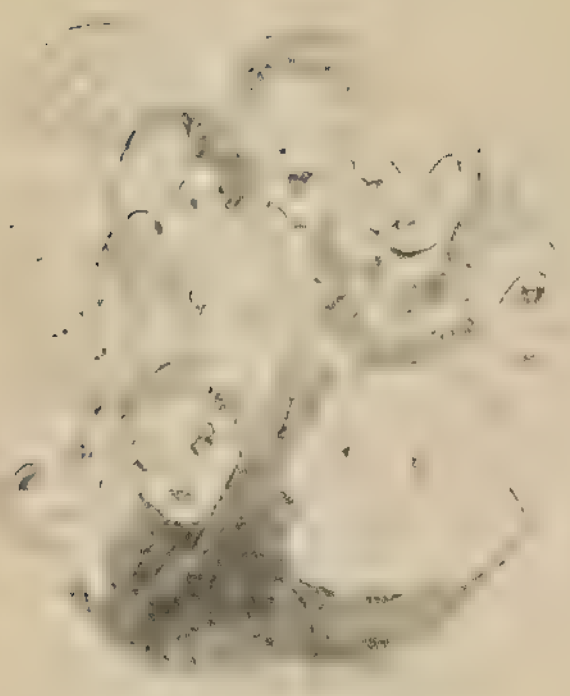
Although Buzzards and Bustards are large
Pigeons and Wigeons are small . . .
Lesser Whitethroats and Lesser Kestrels,
Little Grebes, Little Owls, Little Gulls, Little Terns, Little Buntin
Little Egrets . . .
Why this inferiority complex?
Why this lack of assertion among Twee-Sparrows, Dappers, Dot-terels, Bit-terns, Cormo-runts, Half Pint-ails, Stunted Stints and other avian Twiggies?
Let us think big, fowls everywhere!
Ignore the jeers and sneers of the counter-culture Vultures –
The Bearded Tits and the Whiskered Terns, the Black Terns and the Rock Pipits, the Stoned Curlew and the Potridges.
Resist 'em!
Join the system!
Speed-up is needed in the bird herd.
For a change, let us prize size.
So we are about to build a runway extending from Birmingham to Byfleet
For the bird who will make Foulness instantly obsolete:
S U P E R T I T



If this had been done by David Shepherd it would have been much better!

Reginald Bosanquet
May 1971.

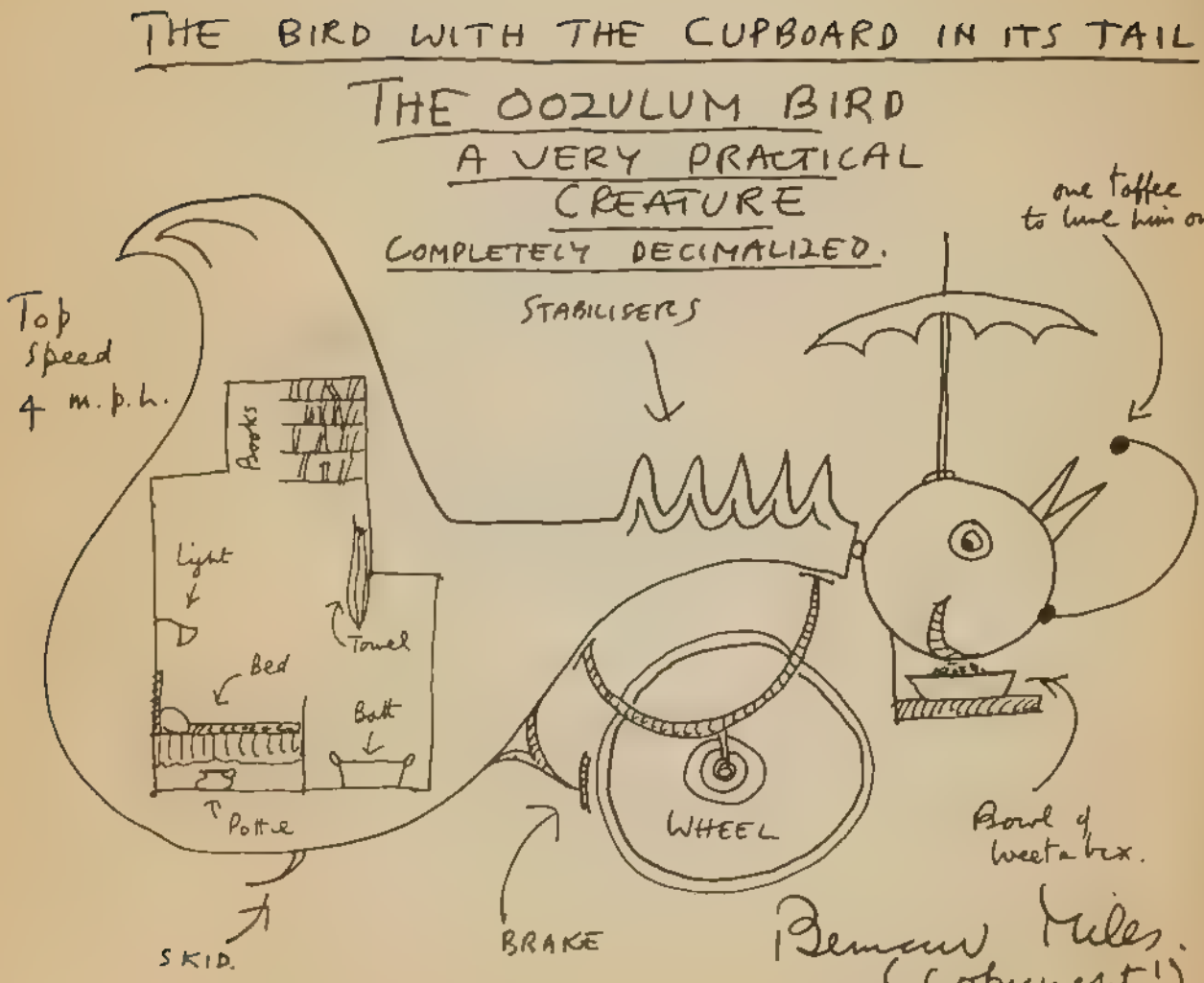
Reginald Bosanquet



Birds

Ned Sherrin

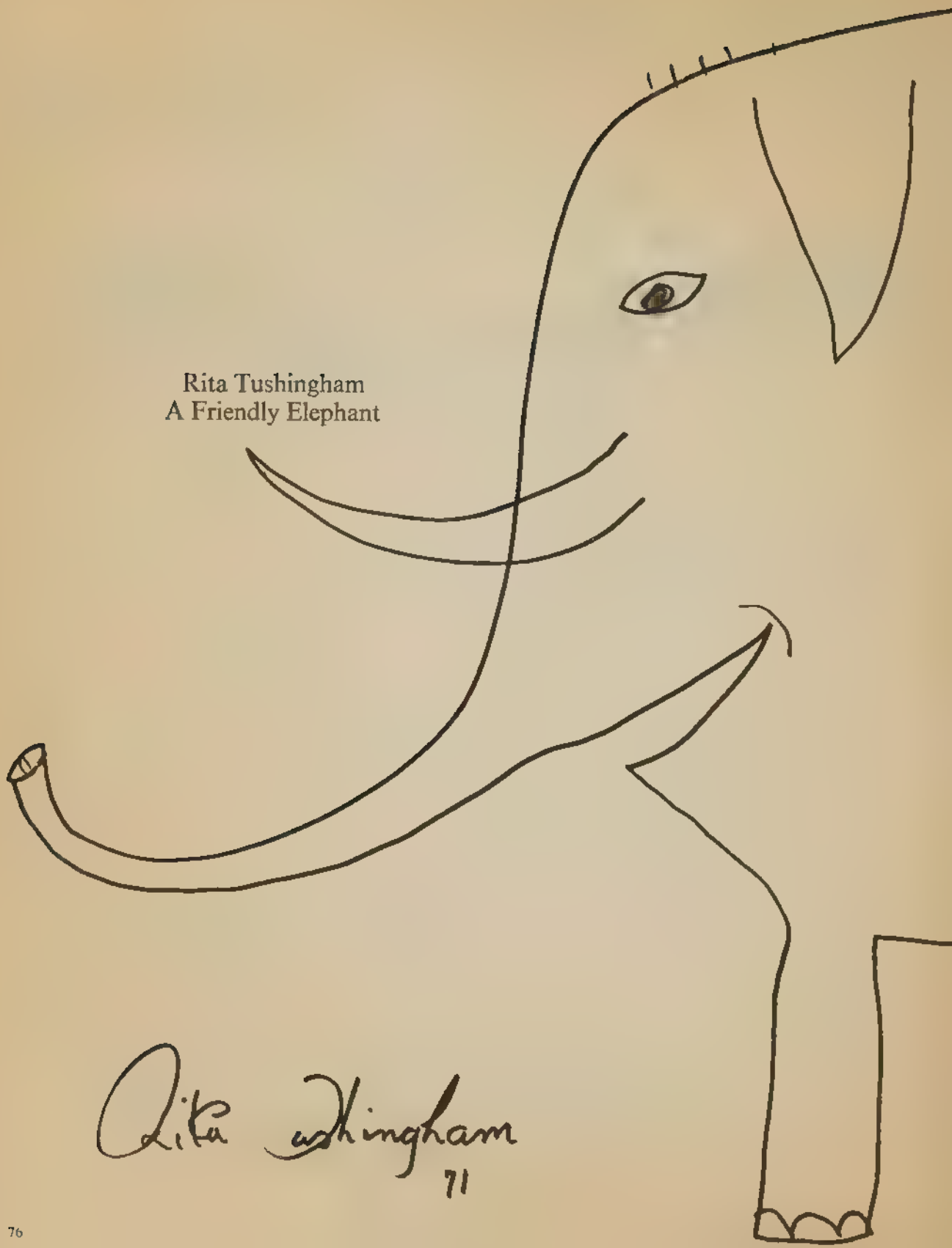
Barry Fantoni

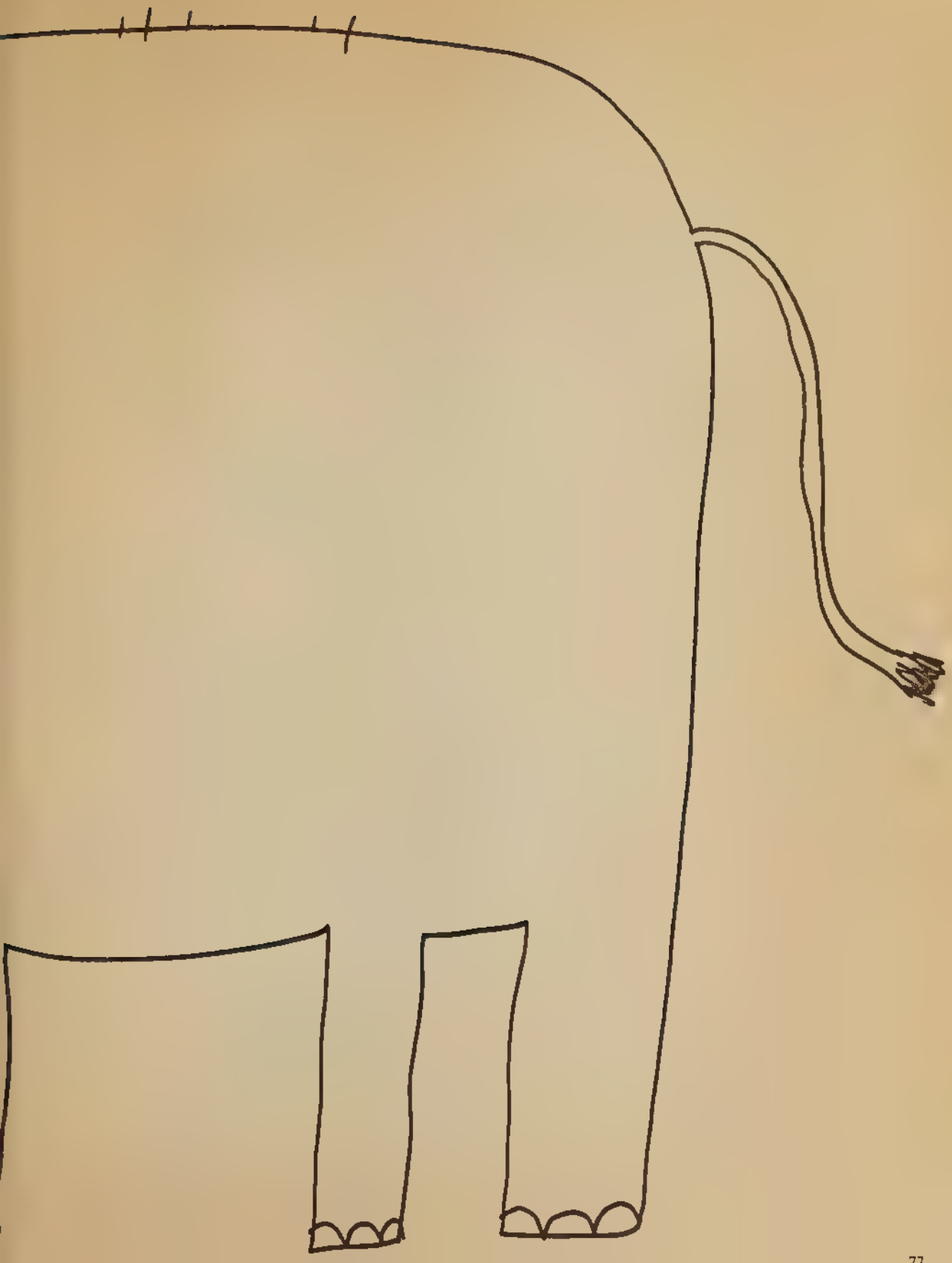


Sir Bernard Miles

Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire - Woburn 666

The Duke of Bedford


Rita Tushingham
A Friendly Elephant
Rita Tushingham
71



This is a creature called 'SNIDE'
Whose endless pursuit of a bride
Was done all in vain
'Cos his NOSE in the rain
Would always stick out at the side.

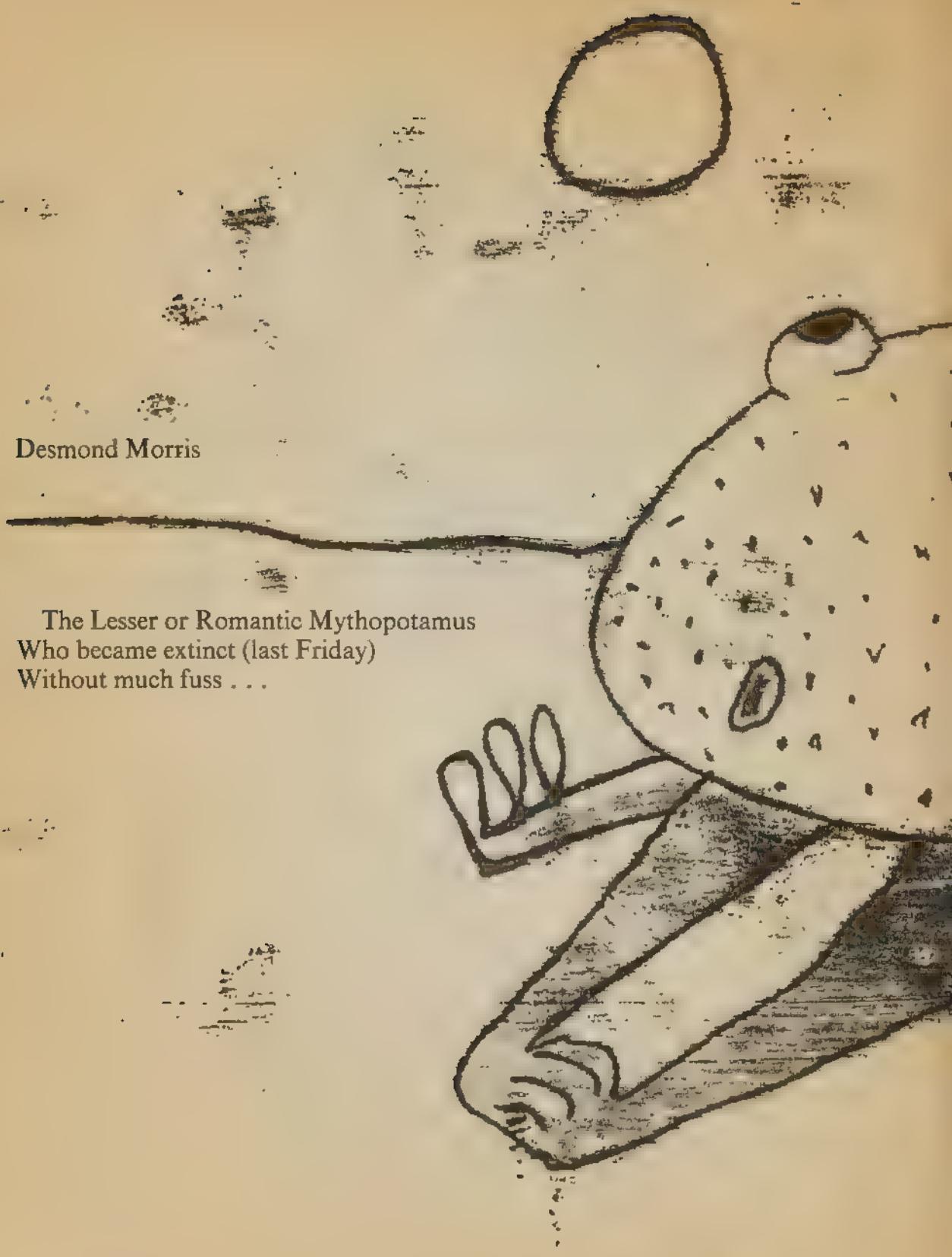
The Hippo by Leslie Charteris

The Hippo is a ponderous beast
No gadabout, to say the least.
I wonder what the Freudian slip is
That got his name transferred to Hippies.

Leslie Charteris

Lawrence Durrell

Desmond Morris



The Lesser or Romantic Mythopotamus
Who became extinct (last Friday)
Without much fuss . . .

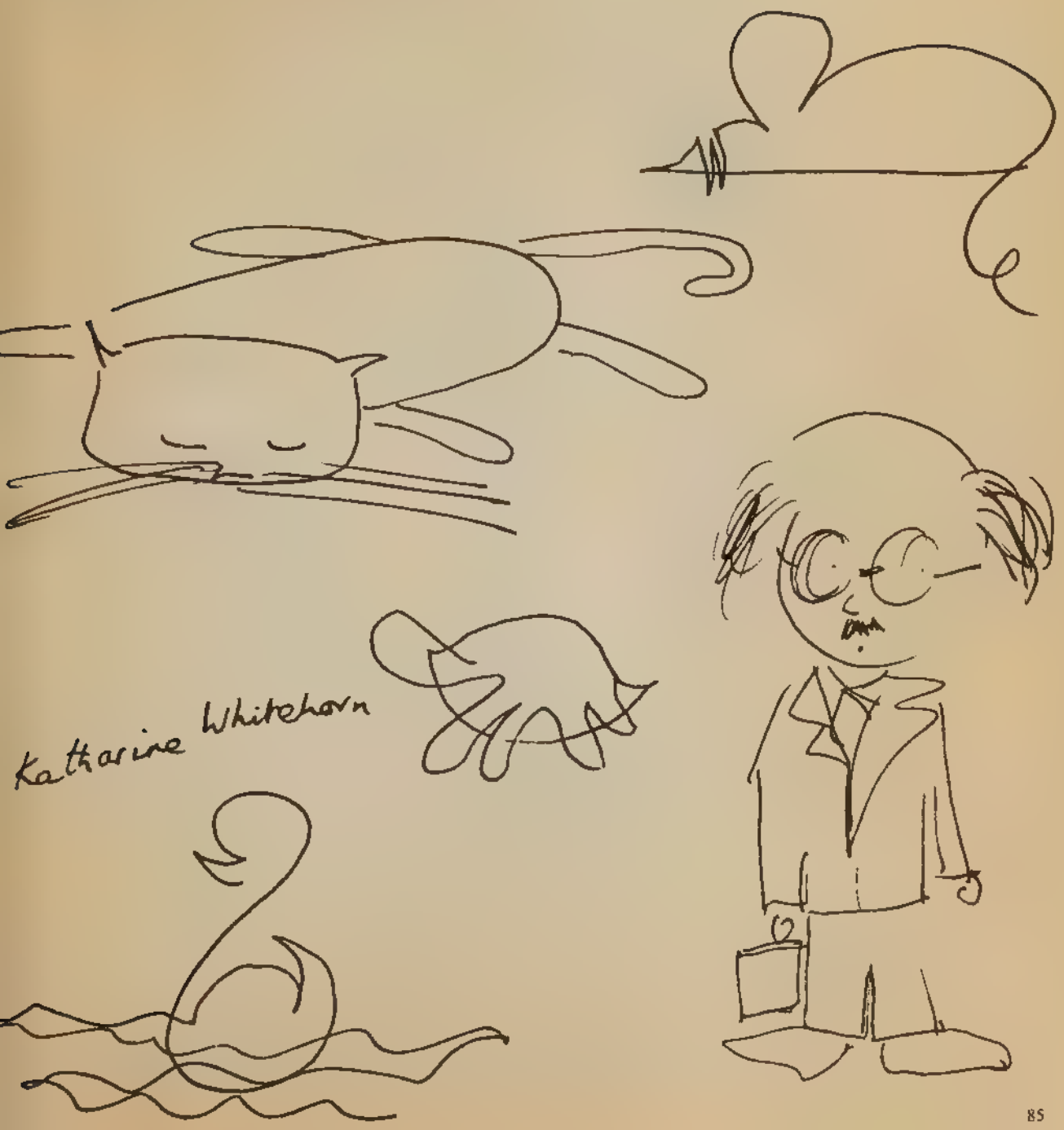
The Gromet bird is short and fat
It lives on calories and that,
And finds it very hard to fly
When constructed like an apple pie.

The Gromet is a curious bird
And, in case you've never heard,
It lives in old abandoned socks
And flies around in odorous flocks,
Compelling those like you and me
To hold our nose and count to three.

The Gromet bird, as you may know,
Flies backwards to preserve a show
Of false white teeth and rubber hair -
All because its bottom's bare,
And no-one really wants to see
A sight like that before their tea.
Surely you will all agree?

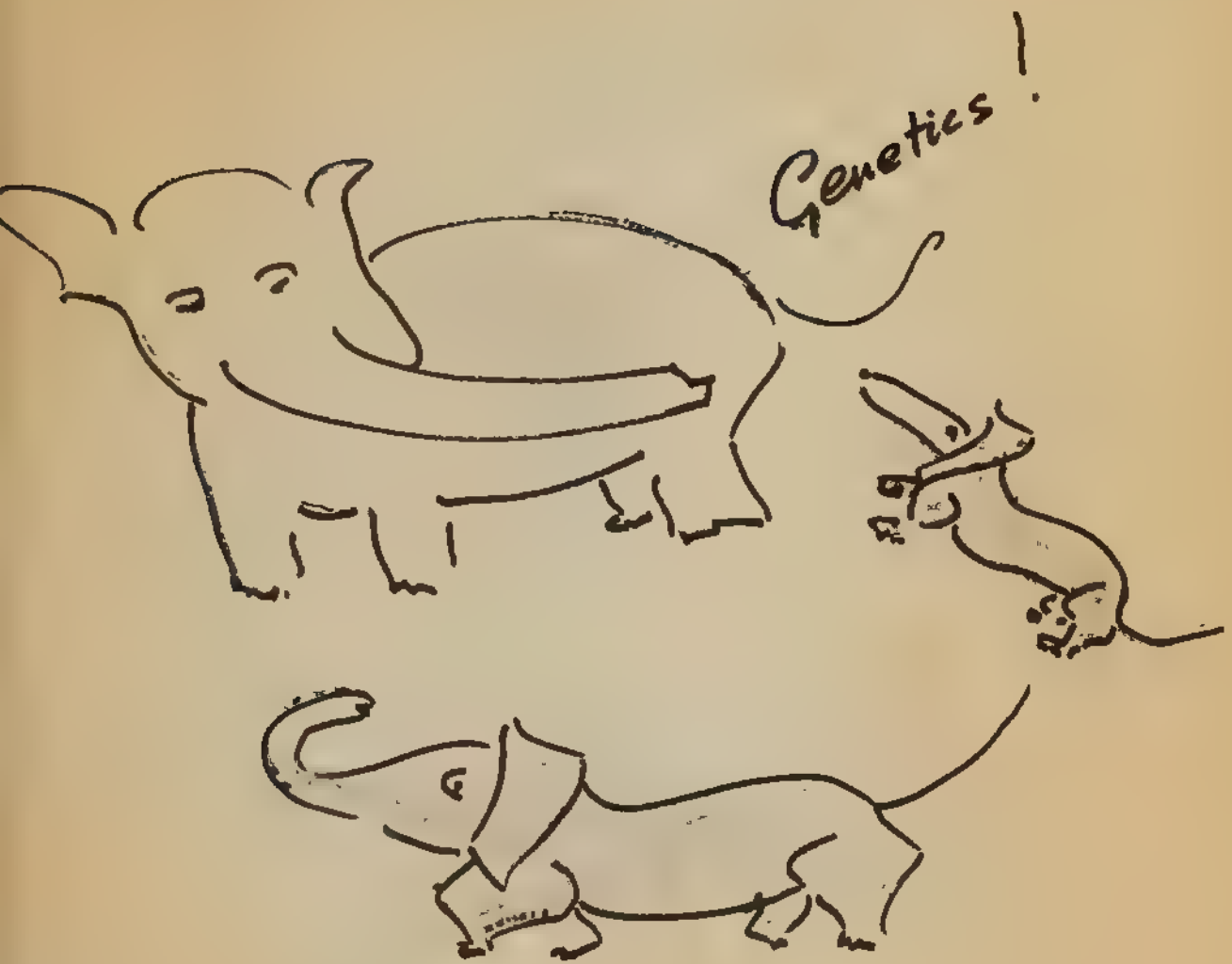
Anon

The only objects I know how
To draw are these before you now.
My pet—my vet—my set of creatures
Drawn sans eyes or other features
Without removing pen from pad.
And if you think that you've been had
And that they lack an eye, or grin,
Well, why don't *you* just fill them in?



A fearsum animal is man.
He wasn't here when the world began,
But unless his aggreshun diminishes,
He'll be here when it finishes!

Sooty



J de M.

GB/JM

4th June, 1971

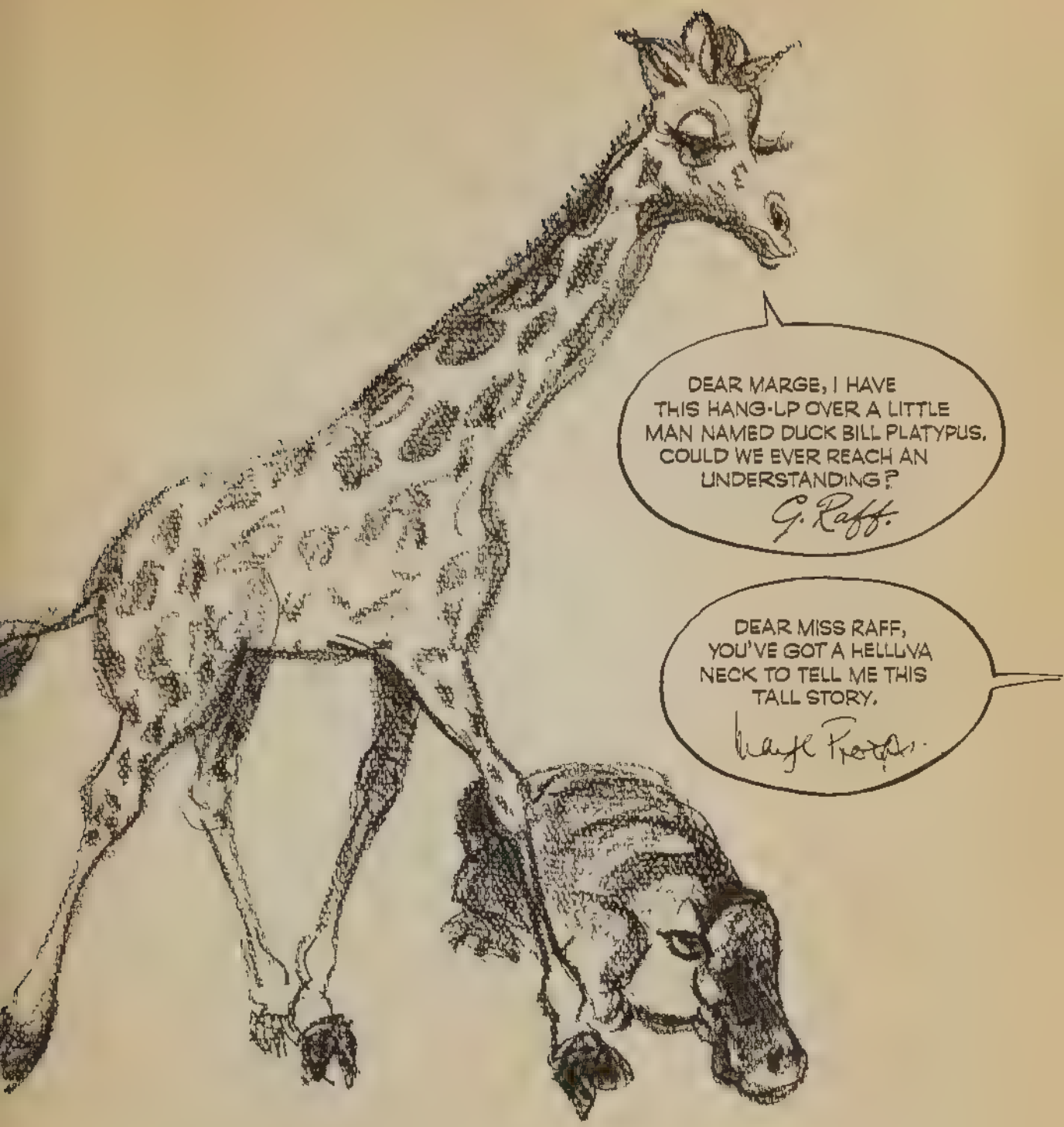
Jack Hobbs, Esq.,
25 Bridge Street,
WALTON-ON-THAMES,
Surrey.

Thank you for your letter inviting me to draw something for Milligan's Ark. Much as I admire Spike, I doubt if even he could decipher anything I drew so I will reluctantly decline and leave you with the following extract from my Memoirs to support my claim.

> Charlie Chaplin had lived close by the school and may well have been an earlier pupil there. Among my own contemporaries was Oscar Grasso, who later became famous as leader of Victor Sylvester's orchestra. Oscar was my rival for being top of the form – sometimes he would be top, sometimes I would be. He had one advantage over me, for he was quite good at drawing and I was hopeless at it. History and English were always my best subjects. But the school was keen on art and we had a notable art master in a man called Harold Thornton who fought hard to establish the importance of drawing in the curriculum. When it came to examinations he would give me 5 marks out of 100 for drawing, which meant that I had to do extremely well in other subjects to come top. Thornton was a great friend of John Evans, and he could never understand why Evans thought so highly of me when I was so useless in his art class.

Lord George Brown

(George Brown)


DEAR MARGE, I HAVE THIS HANG-UP OVER A LITTLE MAN NAMED DUCK BILL PLATYPUS. COULD WE EVER REACH AN UNDERSTANDING?
G. Raff.
DEAR MISS RAFF, YOU'VE GOT A HELLUVA NECK TO TELL ME THIS TALL STORY.
Marge Proops.

Marjorie Proops

As I look down at the earth
And crowded cities o'er which I fly,
No more that feeling of freedom.
No more a clear and unpolluted sky
Knowing that I cannot shun
The hand of some inhuman gun
aimed at me from a smog filled
And destructive earth
Where millions seek to destroy
Each other and me from birth.

Laurence Harvey

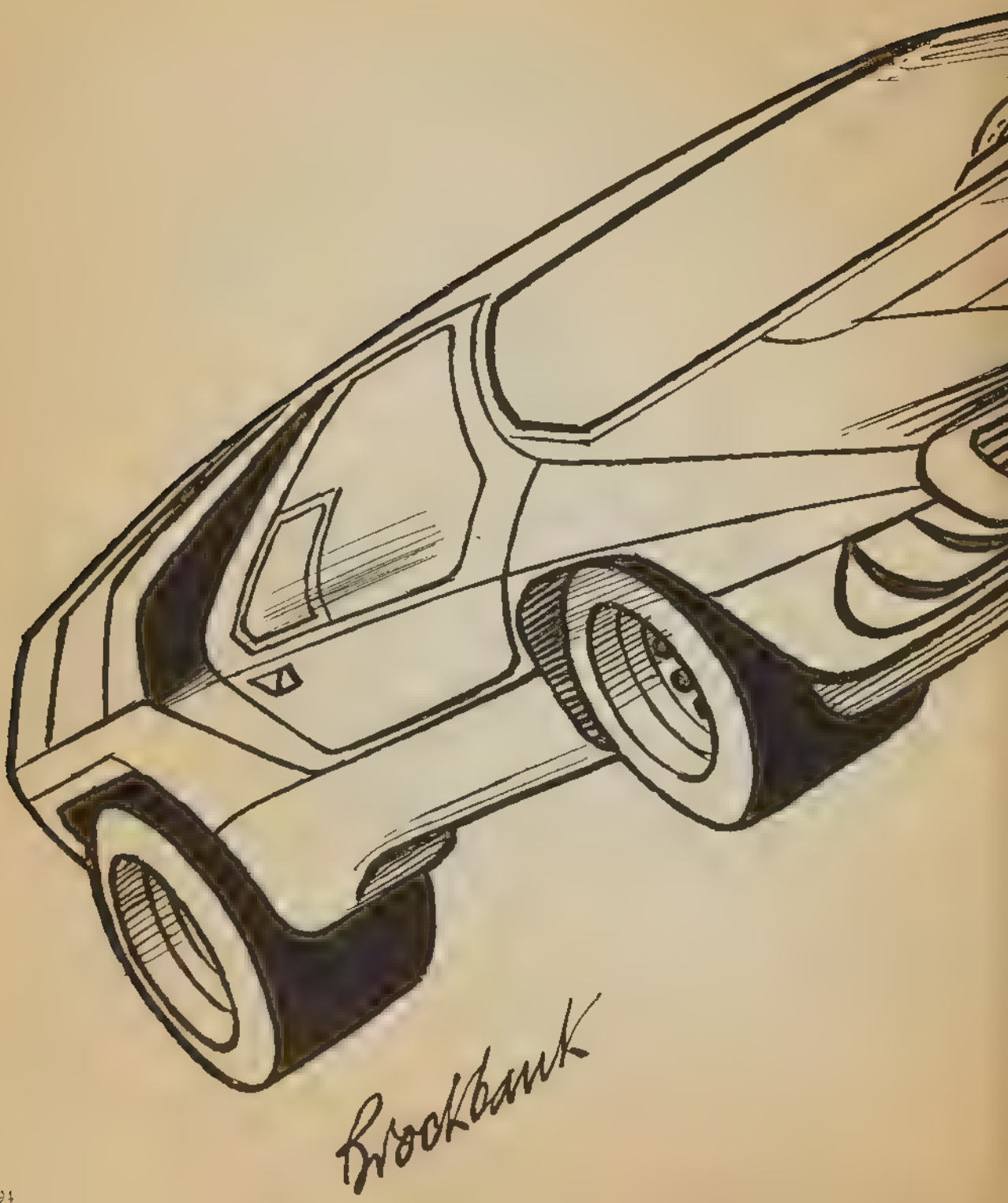
Hamlet - a walking mandy frog

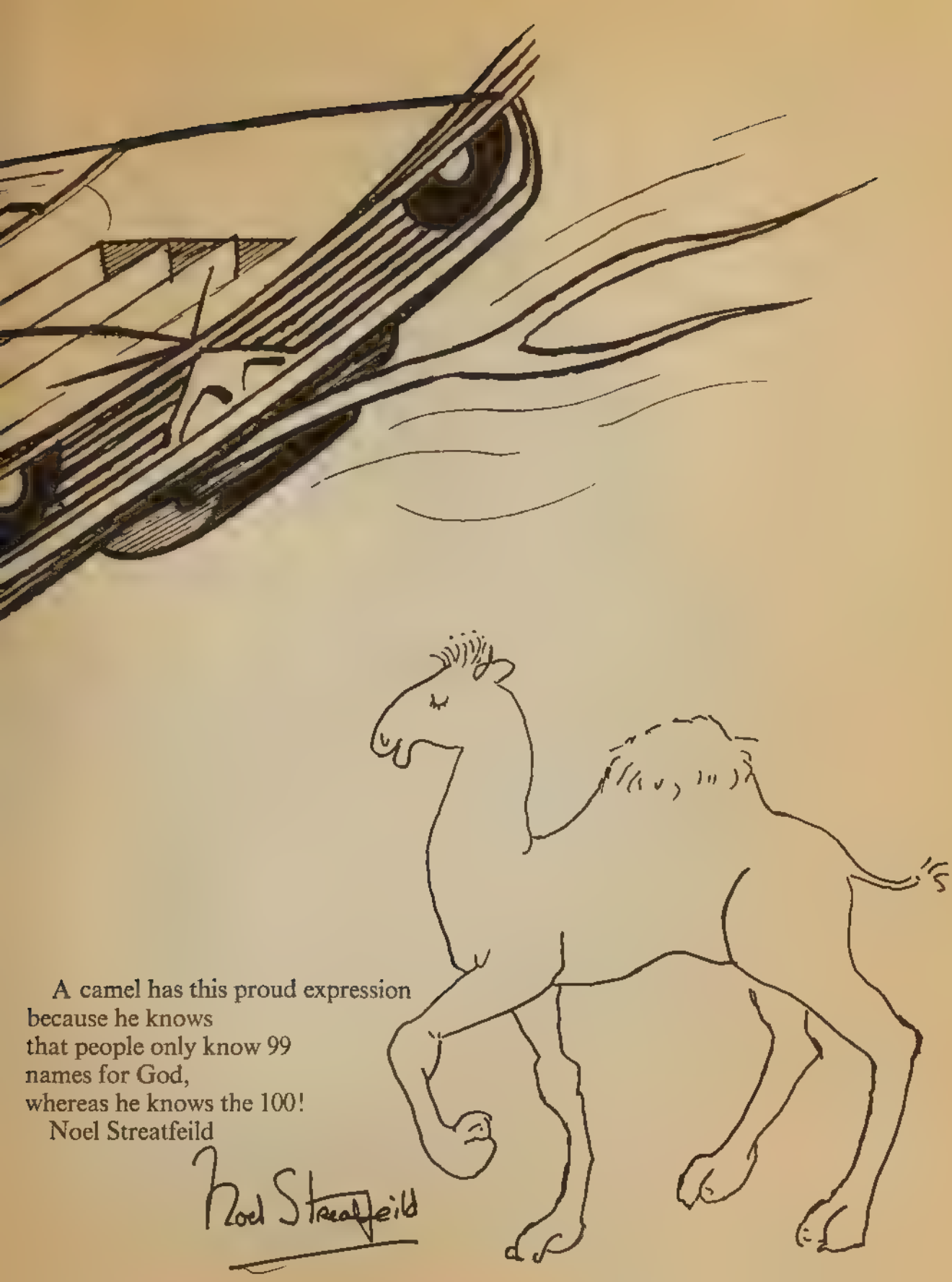
I SOMETIMES THINK THE MODEST COD'S
THE ODDEST OF GOD'S ODDS AND SODS.

Michael Flanders

Italian Viper and Bertone's creature
I've not had the pleasure and don't wish to meet yer.

Brockbank





A camel has this proud expression
because he knows
that people only know 99
names for God,
whereas he knows the 100!
Noel Streatfeild

William Rushton

THE GLARB WAS A CONTENTED BEAST

BUT THEY USED ITS FEET FOR BREWER'S YEAST

AND ITS FUR MADE LOVELY BEDSIDE RUGS

AND ITS TEETH COULD BE TURNED INTO TASTEFUL JUGS

IT DIDN'T HAVE ARMS SO THEY COULDN'T USE THOSE

BUT ITS NOSE MADE YARDS OF GARDEN HOSE.

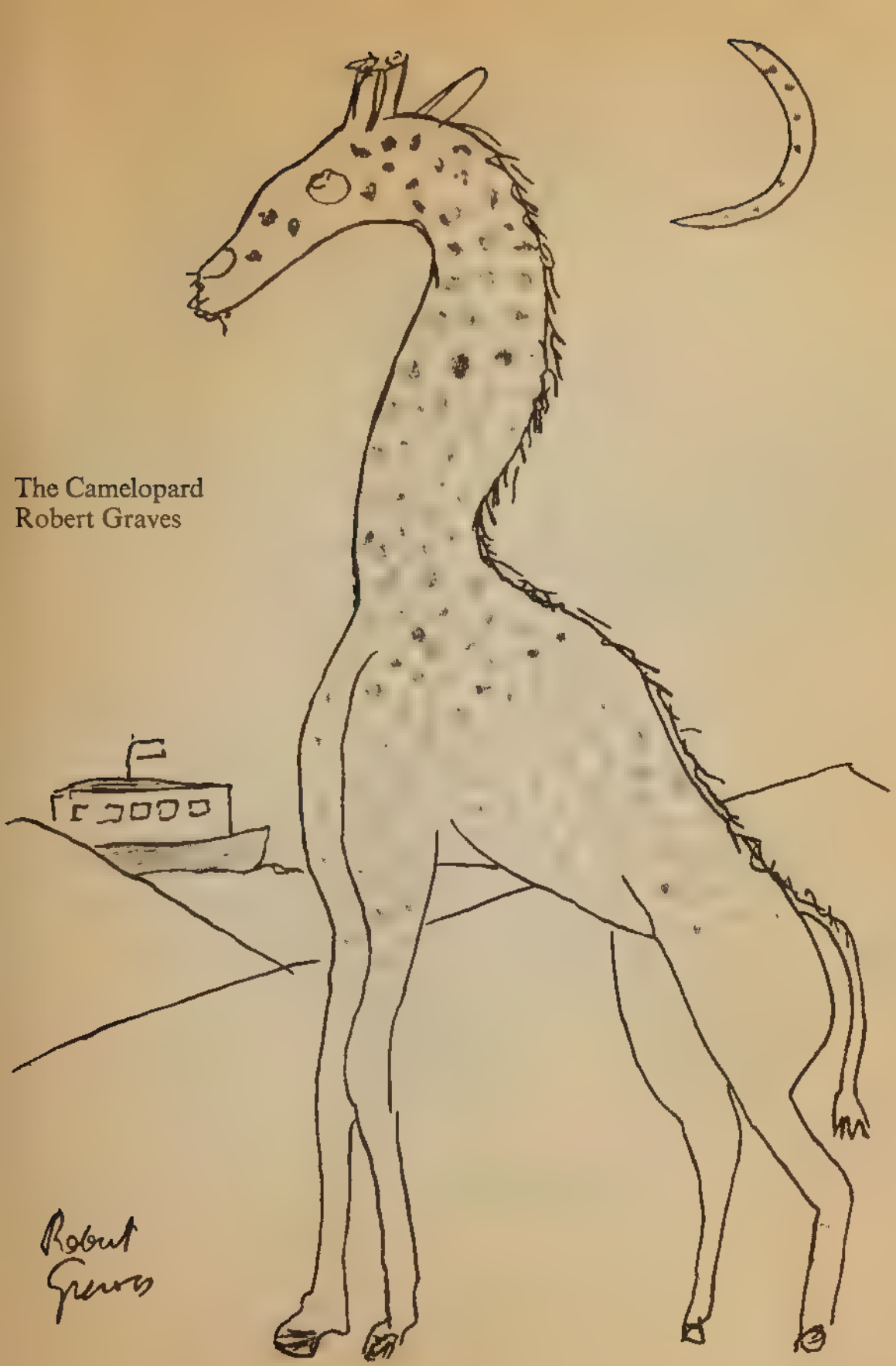
NOW THERE'S GLARBAL-TYPE RUGS, JUGS, HOSES AND BEERS

BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A GLARB FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

The Poet Rushton

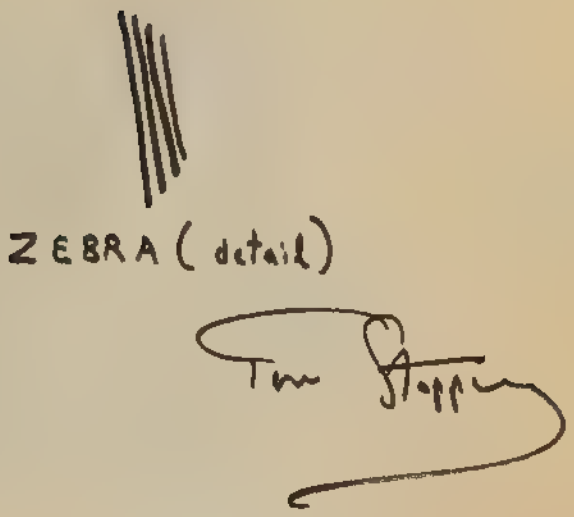
Here's a cat
On a mat
If you can believe that!

Sir Ralph Richardson



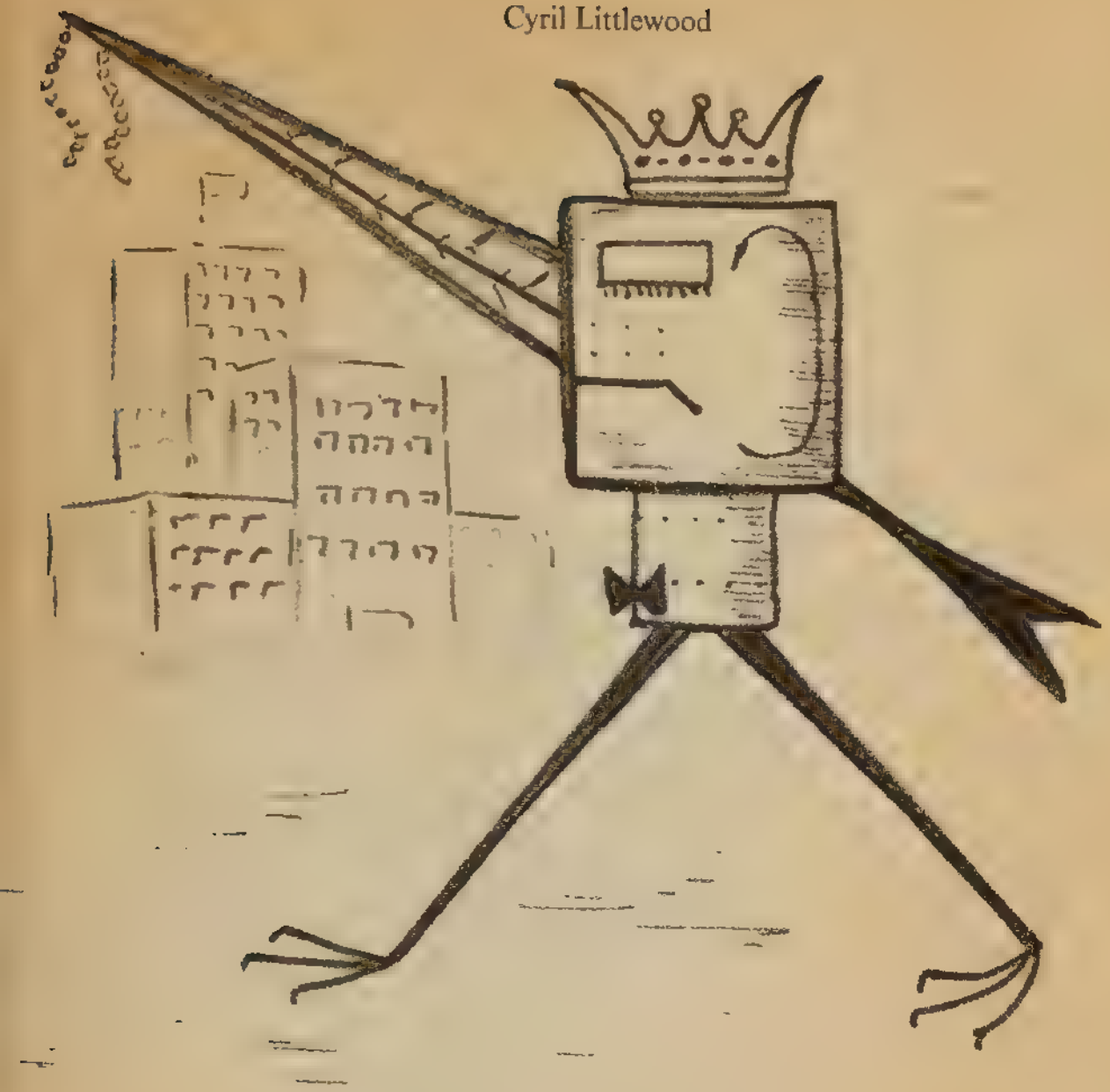
The Camelopard
Robert Graves

Sally Muir and Terry Gilliam



Tom Stoppard

QUEEN
ELIZABETH'S
ERMINE



'Crowned Crane' *Cranus McAlpinus*
(Builds massive concrete nests)

Cyril Littlewood

Sound of the sea, sea sounds
See the green white sea-smell
Taste the salt sweet spray
Hear the long lost sailors
In their unsweet bed.

See weed necklaces chained
To sand, sea animals
Sounding an everlasting silence.

Elizabeth Taylor ©

Sea Animal
by
E.J.B.

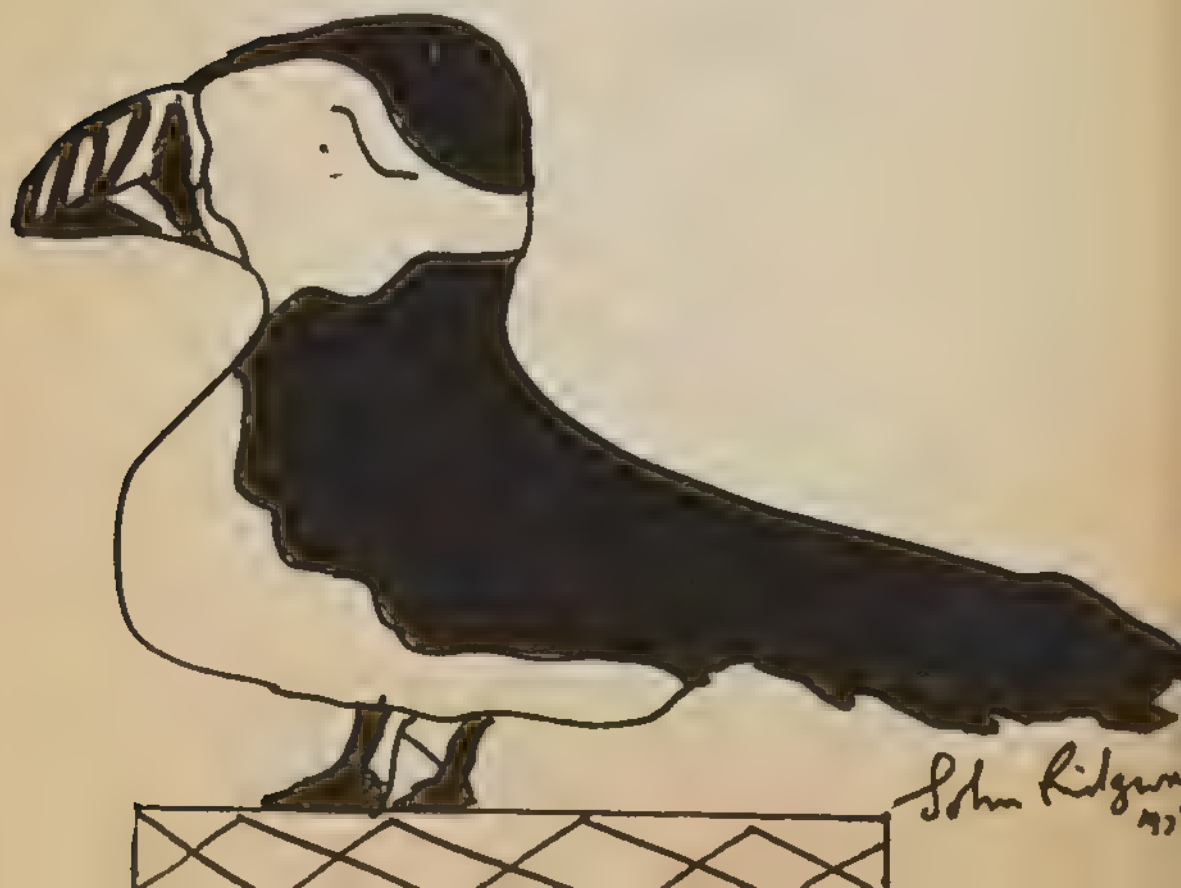
THIS IS A KANGEROO.
WHO'S LEGS NOMBER ONLY TWO.
BOT IN HER POUCH
HER BABY DOES CROUCH
MAKING HER LEGS FOUR NOT TWO!
Graham Stark.

That is the last picture you will take'

Eric Hosking

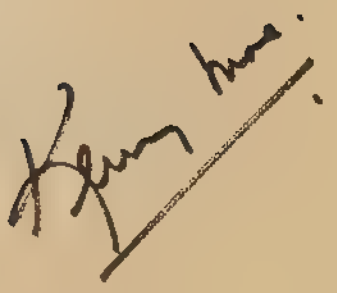
The Puffin by John Ridgway

Its not much fun bein' a Puffin
they only think we're fit for stuffin!
far removed from cliffs and rocks
our feet glued to wooden blocks
stuck up on the mantlepiece
how the hell can we increase.
now what about our natural state?
you may well ask, the problem's great
the sea is mostly black, not blue
a seething mass of oily glue.
and as for radioactive fish
it's only fit for a suicide dish.
the air is filled with bits of lead,
and yet I've often heard it said
by those who seem to want us dead,
"how sad the Puffin's now so rare",
as if those fickle humans care!
to them our plight seems next to nuffin,
it's not much fun bein' a Puffin.



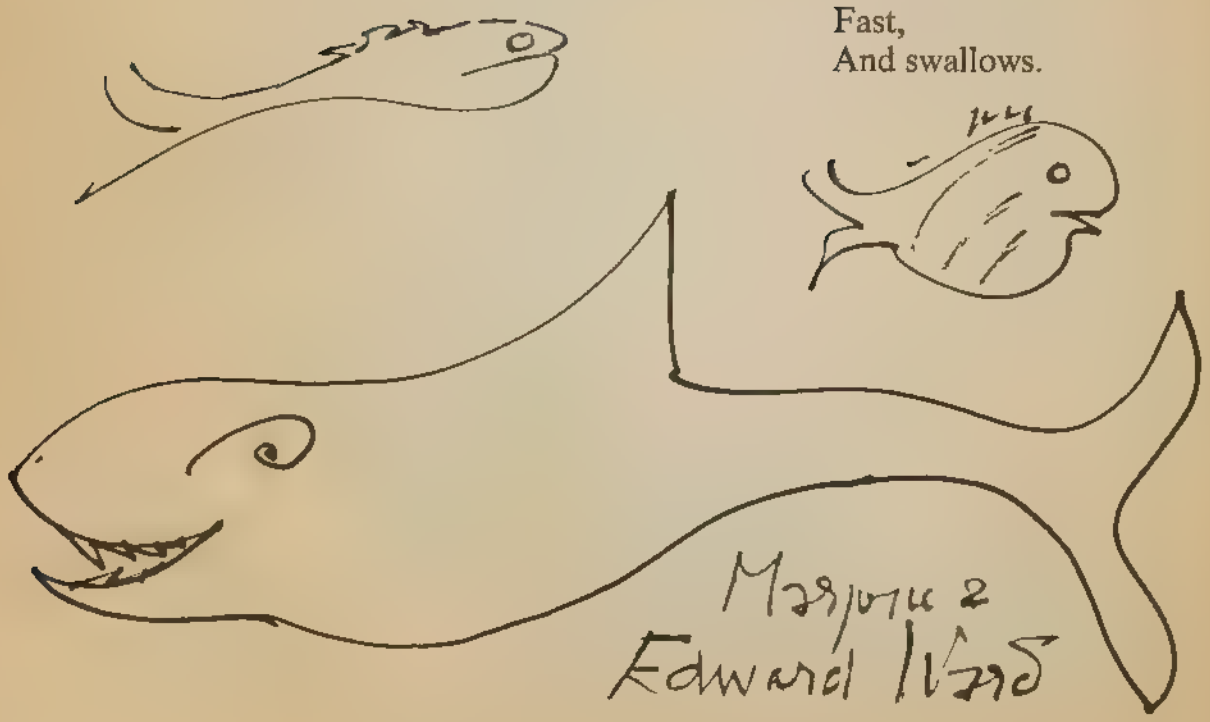
The Shrimp by Kenny More

A shrimp is a fish
or nearly so—
But does it have a mate?
I met a girl called Angela,
I met her on a 'date'
Now, ten years later,
she's my wife.
There's a funny thing,
A little shrimp, that's
almost a fish
Led to a wedding ring!

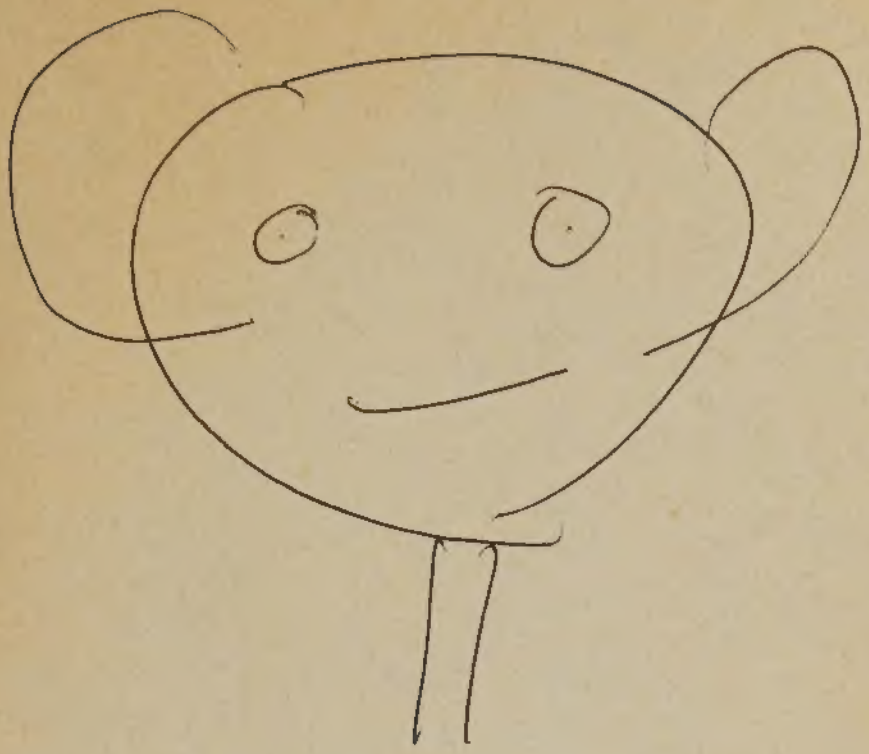


The Shark by Lalla Ward

The shark
Swims
In the dark
Of the deep
Its eye gleams
As it sees
Streams
Of gold fish—
Bold fish
Swimming too near
For the shark is well aware
That here
Is a tasty dish
Of fish
And the shark lies
In wait—
No fisherman,
No flies
No bait.
And the fish swim past
The shark follows—
Fast,
And swallows.



Viscount and Viscountess Bangor



HOMO SAPIENS
THE WORST ANIMAL
OF ALL

Johnny Speight

Myxamatosis

Baby rabbits
With eyes full of pus
Is the work
Of scientific us.

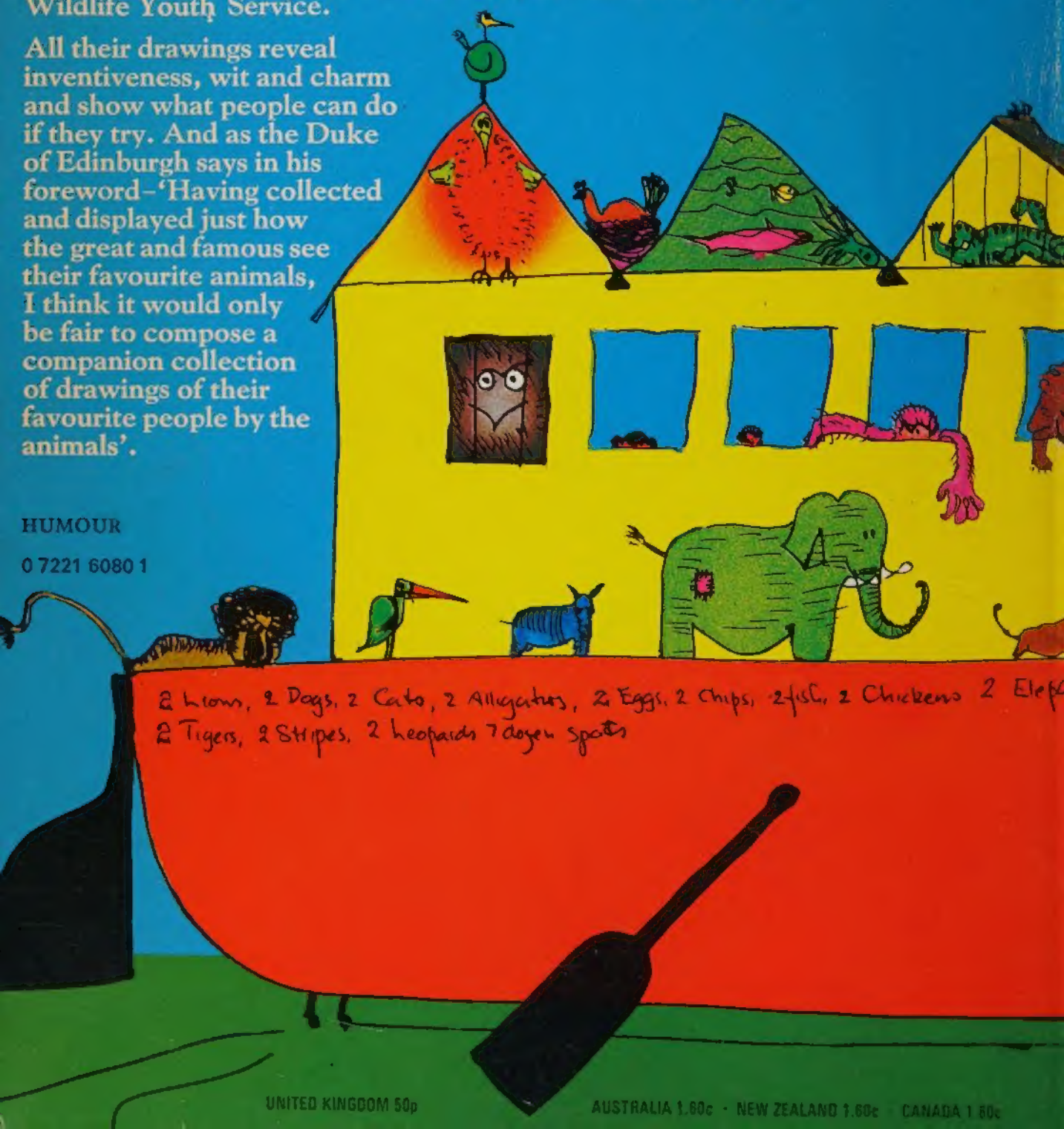
Spike Milligan

At Spike Milligan's invitation Peter Sellers, Dudley Moore, Bernard Levin, Yehudi Menuhin, Tony Jacklin, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Elizabeth Taylor, Sooty and many other famous people have drawn funny pictures and written verses and cartoons about their favourite animals in aid of the Wildlife Youth Service.

All their drawings reveal inventiveness, wit and charm and show what people can do if they try. And as the Duke of Edinburgh says in his foreword – 'Having collected and displayed just how the great and famous see their favourite animals, I think it would only be fair to compose a companion collection of drawings of their favourite people by the animals'.

HUMOUR

0 7221 6080 1



UNITED KINGDOM 50p

AUSTRALIA 1.60c · NEW ZEALAND 1.60c · CANADA 1.60c